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THE

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

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BEFORE THE CURTAIN FALLS

ANOTHER YEAR IS OVER—

We have moved and we have moved, alone and in company. As the year goes into history, we go out of the College—some to come back, some not to. The summer holidays will set the stage for the next year and the next generation to go about as we did, in its own way.

Coming in in two batches, we settled down in the Halls, in the Villas and in other places wherever a roof was available. Our academic rounds brought us together. We rubbed shoulders waiting in the Bursar's queues and exchanged glances, eating in the mess. Independence Celebrations reminded us of our common heritage. Rural Service League Entertainment and inaugural tea-parties, meetings and debates, P.T.'s and games, above all, the common noise of the Halls rounded us into the social beings we now are.

By the time of the Hall days, we were integral parts of an integrated whole and we moved to the sportsfield to speak of '*our*' points and '*our*' flag. We watched St. Thomas's struggling for, Selaiyur aiming at, and Heber snatching off the shield in glory. Such a tough fight and such true sportsmanship!

Time has its usual joke on us—to part us just when we are so close. And not only us from each other but also all of us from our Principal who goes on a short furlough. The silent sentinel, suddenly breaking in from nowhere with a 'Hallo so and so', the jealous shepherd driving the stray sheep from the corridor or the library to the Hall prayers, the moving fountain of pleasant energy, enlivening life and lighting up gloom—he too is going out. But of course, he will come back with renewed vigour and fresh enthusiasm.

Our congratulations to Kannayiram, the Cricketer, and to the College Orators, George Isaac, T. P. Subramoniam, K. Radhakrishna Menon and K. George Chacko who have annexed a few shields for the College. Keep the 'Christians' Banner flying!

Friends who go out, a few of them, have 'looked ahead' in the pages to follow. They tell us what they think of the future. Let us see how their dreams come true.

And now—the curtain is about to fall—not only on the year but also on our scribblings. All that is best to you, for us and for every one.—

Yours editorially,
K. GEORGE CHACKO,
M. PREMKUMAR.

LOOKING AHEAD

BEYOND MARCH 1950—WHAT DO THEY FIND ?

LOOKING AHEAD :

So far I have not spent much time in discovering my place in the wider arena of life. That we have to choose a style of life which best suits our individual temperaments is very obvious. Having freely roamed at the spiritual heights of the Upanishads as well as in the abysmal depths of psycho-analysis, I should have little difficulty in finding a proper way of canalizing my libidinous energy in this bewildering maze of an illusory world.

I have had a many-sided life. In addition to being a poet, an essayist and a noble seeker of the legendary black cat in a dark room where it is not, I am also a small-time promoter of American big business. After spending nearly three years in the rarefied atmosphere of philosophical speculations, it has suddenly struck me to bake my bread. And curiously enough my hobby-horse—magazine collection—has landed me upon a business of handling magazine-subscriptions.* Being heartily sick of the dry, tasteless, metaphysical nourishment, I turn with passionate delight from the Platonic 'forms' of bread and butter to their imperfect earthly copies.

M. JANARDANA.

* * *

The cast-iron past moulded with regrets for lost opportunities compels me to look into the plastic future with anxiety for the unknown and hope for the expected. A request to the future will go unheeded. Resolutions are always made to be broken later. Still I can revel in the mere thoughts. . . . . . It is no ambition when all I want is to settle down in a small town where I know all and I am known by all. It satisfies my dignified vanity. And so far I've been always able to satisfy it. I have always made myself conspicuous by remaining at the surface of activities around me; at the froth of the tea-cup politics and tea-cup governments, devised to apprentice us—boys and adolescents—in the task of tackling the realities of the world of to-morrow. (And not as some prefer to believe, to keep us out of mischief.) Because, we are told, our present world is only a microcosm of the world outside and what an idea ! I am going to be a pillar of that world. A pillar

'No easier to break than to sanction' because it is erected with day-to-day, common actions drifted on actions. It makes living a habit as any other.

T. M. P. NEDUNGADI.

* * * *

As the hysteria of the last few years subsides, the problems of our existence emerge with a brutality that overwhelms me. It is not only that the intellectual, moral and physical resources that we command are so painfully inadequate, but the problems themselves are so ambiguous.

The existing structure of society is unreservedly bad. There is no reason to suppose that our existing society will produce anything good as long as it is left to the play of uncoordinated and partially blind forces. The childish faith of an age that is past, that somehow or other, from the interplay of the forces of nature, good will arise, is contrary to all that modern science or philosophy knows of nature.

*Mr. M. Janardana (Home address : 30 G. T. Road, Kudroli, Mangalore) is an authorized representative of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*.

A good society must be intelligently planned for and painfully created. In this work men who know and are capable of recognizing what is right will play a crucial role.

The problem is complicated by the fact that there is no objective standard of good. In the society I look forward to, at the centre of all care and effort will stand living man. The statement is, I admit, ambiguous. There is also no proof that it is correct. It must stand.

This college has given some clues to its solution. From my friends I have learnt of the dignity of man ; the creators of this college have set the example of men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it. The problems are super human—let us go forward fearing God and nothing else.

GEORGE ISAAC.

* * *

As I look ahead I see nothing but a vast question-mark. I haven't the vaguest notion what I am going to do or what I am going to be.

In a few weeks we shall have done with this protected, hothouse life, and step into the madding crowd outside.

Then no more wailing in bathrooms, no more midnight sallies to 'Mangayarkarasi', no more sleeping in the class, no more mess meals, no more notes and—thank God! —no more economics.

Some say it is a milestone in our journey; others say it is a millstone off our neck We are said to be plunging into the 'arena of life.' An inviting prospect to many of us, but there are others who are scared; who are too anxious for success, to succeed at all Many of us have pleasantly vague dreams of sudden successes, of triumphant attacks on Public Service Commission exams , of distinguished careers as business magnates, or M L.A's, or collectors or diplomats We shall probably find that it isn't as easy as that, that there are others with the same dreams. Some of us will come back here as lecturers or tutors or mess managers while others might become doctors or engineers in obscure places. But almost all of us will become fathers and husbands, and some will rear flourishing families and spend their day with a Chamber's Dictionary and commonsense crosswords, waiting for something to turn up.

And the girls? Well, some of them will no doubt refuse to think of marriage at all, and have distinguished careers and sour faces. But many, let us hope, will marry and—well, what *do* people marry for?

Very soon, we shall all be in the departing train As it starts to move, I shall have to step in and struggle through the crowd to find my place. I am not now worried about whether I shall find a foothold as it moves or whether I shall slip and stumble or whether there is a place for me at all. As it moves, I shall step in wherever an opening offers itself. I am not worried about the destination , but I hope we shall sing all the way

M. PREMKUMAR.

* * *

In a few weeks' time, the Madras Christian College will have the privilege of claiming me as its product ; and the Editor wants to know what I propose to do after leaving the College

I do not believe in planning along particular lines just because experience has taught me that such narrow and specialised planning invariably fails. I have, however, equipped myself perfectly But I am not going to *seek* this job or that Through the columns of this Magazine, I hereby offer my services to the world at large. It is up to the world to make use of me, for its own benefit

If democratic ministerial government is to succeed in our country, real merit must be recognised In the interests of ministerial stability and efficiency, I place my services at the disposal of the province or the centre.

If India is to be effectively heard at international conferences, if her just cause is to succeed in world assemblies, this writer is the man for it

The welfare of the people depends to a large extent on the Civil Service Our Civil Service must eliminate red-tapism and secure to the people the benefits of a speedy

and efficient administration. They will therefore do well to apply for my services.

The finances of Free India have to be stabilised and considerably improved. Much depends on sound economic advice; why not appoint me as the Economic Adviser to the Government?

If any College is really keen on securing to its students an excellent standard of teaching in economics, it will very soon discover the proper man in me.

And last, but not least, if a wealthy gentleman with an only and beautiful daughter wants a smart son-in-law, here am I.

T. P. SUBRAMONIAM.

* * *

I was asked to contribute 'a piece of me' to this collection of opinions, of articles, (of I did not know what), and I did not know how to set about writing it. I asked the editor. What I should write about 'Oh anything', he said. He looked me up and down, and added, 'anything relevant'. But how am I to begin, I wanted to know, and then write, and then end it up? He murmured something about writing the whole thing up himself and finally adding my bally name at the bottom of it, but said to me, 'you're a senior student and you're leaving College at the end of this year (luckily—under his breath). Well, suppose you stand at the College gate and look ahead (into the future), what do you see? Write about that.'

I obeyed instructions. I stood at the College gate and looked ahead, and what did I see? Why, I saw the railway station, obviously. So, I thought I will tell you all about the station. So, here goes.

As I stood still and gazed, I did not see it as it was, but saw it as a symbol of something else. I did not see it as a symbol of the station canteen or something like that. But I saw it as a symbol of something far less interesting than the railway canteen, but far less materialistic too

I saw a host of us students full of camaraderie and friendship gathered at the station of academic education They boarded the train of life together. But once the train of life started on its journey, the friends got separated, and alighted at different stations. I saw some going far in the train of life, as far as Fort or Beach. Some went only a short distance, to Chromepet or Pallavaram

Their destination was not their choice. I saw them all alighting at the respective stations to which their tickets were issued. Perhaps Hamlet was thinking of the ticket issuer when he said that 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends.'

But it was exhilarating to note whether our students went a long way in the train of life or only a short distance, they fully enjoyed the journey and ever remained the good old Gentlemen of Christian right through the journey.

And I am sure that none of us seniors who are enjoying our last term of existence in this college (why didn't somebody tell the editor that I will be coming back for P. G.?) will ever do anything to mar this picture that I saw at the college gate, 'looking ahead'.

K. S. RAMAMOORTHY

* * *

I AM OUT—

Out of the College, out of the Hall, out of my room. I am standing at the gate looking forward—and the forward look begins where the backward one ends. And they never end—the separation is very thin.

The unseen is adventurous. And adventure the youth's dare-devil enthusiasm actuates me. At last the academic cocoon is breaking and actuality with its imposing figure is the porter at the gateway to the future.

I will be a 'raw' graduate and so is my energy. Energy that knows only the limits of a protected institution abstracted from harder facts, energy which had a free flow in a fair system.

But it is going to meet Law's delay, the insolence of office and the imperfection of competition. It thrills me to think of frustration—the dashing of hopes—the crashing of the thousand castles that rose up in the air and the many buds that will

not see the light of the day to blossom—pain, hunger, nepotism, black market and inefficiency will challenge me and laugh at me down below from their dizzy heights. Not ideas but influence, not merit but connections rule.

And so—I may be unemployed—one among the many millions. When I was one among a hundred and fifty or one thousand and five hundred, I at least could make myself heard ; but there in the new world others have better methods of wasting time. The Politics of the Hall or the fights in the Parliament, the prestige of the College or the pride about one's institution will have a new name written on it by Time—Memory.

So with the disadvantage of having clean weapons to use in an unclean fight, to fight matter with mind and with projectiles of impediments awaiting to bombard the dreams of glory on all sides, I go out into the wider arena of life outside the College fences, to walk steadfastly where duty, right and honour lead.

The pleasure of the adventure to do the improbable is inviting, but there is the pain of the start. The moving trains beckon me. I used to go joyfully into them to return back But not so now.

The persons I have met and the things I have seen here in this wilderness of Tambaram, I am not sure, whether I can hope to meet. The moving men in this living institution may change and they may not recognise me—I am not sure.

But I am sure of one thing—I know my Captain. He has been kind to me and has never failed me—Him I can rely on and I do—I go out with Him who was with me so far. So I do not fear. Even though my hopes crash and castles perish, I know I will not be crushed.

To be or not to be, is not the question. I have decided to be—and wherever I may be or whatever I may become, you can be sure that I will strive to live as a *man.*

K. George Chacko.

* * * *

People say that one could look ahead with confidence if one looked back off and on, and corrected the mistakes so far made. Taking that tip let me now replace a few hundred leaves on the calendar and take stock of the situation

I have to begin by confessing, perhaps to the dismay of people who sent me here, that two years of intellectual pursuit have scarcely done anything to increase the pressure within my cerebellum. No doubt my name has been called out and answered to with strict regularity these years; no doubt, also, there was that rapt attentiveness portrayed on my face at lectures, which but for the tell-tale eyes, would have passed for deep concentration. Yet, in spite of that I certainly have changed.

I once laughed at people who spoke dramatically of their alma-maters, and dubbed them sentimental spineless idiots. Now I am in the know-how. Will I ever forget the tranquility that enraptures the being the moment I enter the campus—a veritable oasis in the surrounding desert; can I forget the sound of the bolt being banged at a bit of railway line calling me to breakfast and dinner;—and all those various dignitaries, some assertive, some meek, a few indifferent, but all proud that they form part and parcel in the general scheme of things. They have stuck—these little associations Verily, the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

As regards the future the furthermost that I see is my nose. To attempt to foretell the future is foolhardy and I don't intend doing so. One may have plans and my plans are nurtured deep within my heart. But whatever be the future my outlook on matters would be guided by principles and precepts which I came to understand and appreciate while here Above all, I have come into contact with diverse specimens, each with a different viewpoint and this has to an extent sobered me. It has also, definitely, made me less of a cynic and more of a human being; and if the change, that I think has come over me is not a mere flight into vanity, it has come about while sweating, straining, loafing and being bored at this haven in the wilderness—Tambaram.

C. Sekaer.

* * *

He who looks ahead is called a day-dreamer and when he expresses his thoughts his friends remark that he is building castles in the air. When one does not look ahead, they say that he has no aim in life. In the midst of such a society, what could one say! In such circumstances, silence is a stronghold but only in the absence of interviewers who usually incite the other man's interest in discussing himself.

A scientist is more interested in splitting and controlling the atom but such scientists are rare and hard to find. I would prefer to keep aloof from atoms and lead a rather peaceful life for splitting the atom does also split one's head. One learns in college not much about physics or chemistry but to get along with persons of different nationality and character. This helps more in our extramural activities than book knowledge. There are many who do not make use of this opportunity in college to make lasting friends but only care about either their studies or being popular. Being popular comes to one's aid only when one is in college, but when in the vast arena outside it helps to have one friend who will stand by you in times of sorrow and joy.

It may be detrimental to one's progress to live in the glories of the past but it is definitely more pleasant than to look ahead.

D. R. JESUDIAN.

* * *

My five years spent at Tambaram have made an indelible (I believe good) impression on my view concerning my future. When I speak of these five years, thoughts of personal relationships and (I trust) lasting friendships formed, differences of agreements settled, language classes; bad habits struggled with; Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning prayers; happy fun under our group leader Arjun on the sportsfields; occasional queuing up at the principal's office at 1-30 etc, etc., swell up in my mind. God has used all these I believe to one end—viz., to find my purpose in life. The idea of seeking one's vocation in life through His guidance is no mere exaggerated myth. But one thing I do feel about the future is that once we ask God to 'run the show' no longer can we speak of security, sufficiency, 5-year plans, minimum salary we require, home, friends etc. Instead has to be substituted an eager faith in His mercy and forgiveness and our unworthiness. I am glad I have not come out of College a nihilist. I am entering the wider arena of life with a genuine belief in the goodness of man, but not with a vision and a guarantee of success in the far future. I will face the future as it comes. I can apply the words of Cardinal Newman's hymn 'Lead, kindly Light' to myself.

'. . . Keep thou my feet,
I do not ask to see, the distant scene,
One step enough for me.'

IVOR SMITH-CAMERON.

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

In former days, it was the custom on ships at sea, that the look-out should, at regular intervals throughout the night, call to the officer of the watch, 'All's well, the lamps are burning bright Sir'. And that is more or less what I am doing when I present this Annual Report. In this case it is the officer-in-charge himself reporting—reporting to the former members of the ship's company who are now sailing on some other route, or who have retired from sea and settled down on shore; and the purpose of my report is to let you know that all is well with the good ship Tambaram, and that we are doing our best to keep the lamps trimmed and filled. I have been in charge of this vessel for nearly twelve years now, and I have found her an easy ship to handle, and a happy ship to sail in. Today, we cannot help remembering that, in the middle years of that twelve-year period, we ran into a long stretch of very stormy weather, hurricanes and cyclones of great intensity, such as had not been experienced in these waters for many generations—and which were caused by unsettled conditions over the whole region from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, but, by the joint efforts of officers and crew, the good ship managed to weather the storms without suffering any serious damage, and we are now happily in a season of calm weather. We have about eleven hundred souls on board, a number of whom, of course, are passengers, but the vast majority quite hard-working members of the crew. I think it is well known that many sea-captains prefer not to have passengers on board, for they are people who sit around doing nothing, and often getting in the way of those who have some work to do and want to get ahead with it. But I am glad to say we don't have many passengers, and those we do have, we try to persuade to sign on and work their passage. The crew is on the whole an extremely good one, and I think it is proud of its ship. One difficulty about having such a numerous ship's company is that we cannot provide sleeping quarters for them all, so we are compelled to throw about half of them overboard every evening at 4 or 5 p.m., and pick them up again in the morning about 10 o'clock. Some of them find that a little inconvenient, and indeed such treatment might well damp anybody's spirits, so we should be very glad if we could provide additional accommodation for the many hundreds who would like some corner in which to swing their hammocks, but shipbuilding costs are high these days, and Government subsidies are hard to come by, and meanwhile, we do not think it wise or fair to overcrowd the existing accommodation. Our present voyage will be coming to an end before many weeks have passed, and not all of the ship's company are anticipating its conclusion with great enthusiasm, for some of them will have to endure a severe grilling in the examination-shed soon after we reach harbour. In this case we must hope that the examining officers will *find* what they are looking for, and find it in great abundance. Although so near the end of a nine-months' voyage, the ship is in good trim. In spite of difficulties about replenishing our water-tanks, we have still a reasonable supply of water which is excellent for drinking, provided it is taken in moderate quantities, and, owing to prevailing weather conditions, there seems to be at present no great demand for water for other purposes. Our stocks of food are adequate; the ship's company enjoy good health, and in general it may be said that we have made a prosperous voyage.

And now I think our maritime metaphor can carry us no farther, and we must return to earth. College life, like life in general, may be classed under three main heads—(1) work, (2) play and (3) miscellaneous. As regards our work, I have indicated that we do not carry a large number of mere passengers, by which I mean that the great majority of students make some effort to profit by their academic opportunities, some by zealous study of their text-books, some by close attention to almost any form of reading matter except their text-books, and some (we must hope, the largest number) by

*Read at the College Day, January 27th, 1950, under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice P Satyanarayana Rao

striking a judicious balance between the one kind of reading and the other. But there is of course no way in which we can test and set forth in a report the less or more of genuine intellectual achievement that all this leads to. Examinations tell us something, but the University Education Commission emphatically reminds us in its Report which has recently been published, that they are far from telling us everything that we should like to know, and all too frequently they merely discover what a candidate can remember and repeat after months of drilling and months of narrow concentration, which have little intellectual value, and may even have done his mind more harm than good. I am not leading up to an announcement that the performance of our Tambaram students in university examinations was poorer than it should have been, on the contrary, they were remarkably successful. But, as the Universities Commission, and many other commissions before it, have pointed out so earnestly, the conception of university education as primarily a preparation for quick and easy acquirement of a 'qualification' has taken such a firm hold of our minds that we need to be constantly reminding ourselves how inadequate it is, and how radically it can impoverish, and in many cases does impoverish, the whole content of college life In 1949, our own figures were very satisfactory. In the Intermediate Examination, out of 177 candidates sent up—and that, I think, a record entry for this college—79 passed in the First Class and 63 in the Second Class, 80% altogether, which is also an all-time record. Either the examiners were in a particularly mellow mood, or else our First Group students are advancing to perfections never dreamed of in older days, for, of those who appeared with Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry as their optional subjects, more than 80% actually passed in the First Class. In the B.Sc. Degree Examination, out of 94 candidates, 87 passed, 18 in the First Class, 32 in the Second Class, and 37 in the Third Class. The B.A. students were, as usual, a little less spectacular, preferring to give themselves up to a leisurely pursuit of culture for its own sake, with little thought of any immediate reward; but 80% of them did pass in English, 85% of them in Indian languages, and 67% in optional subjects. For the B. A Honours, B. Sc. Honours, and M A. Degrees, 79 candidates appeared, of whom 14 passed in the First Class, 47 in the Second Class and 11 in the Third Class. Six University prizes were awarded to students of the College.

In the second all-India examination for admission to the Administrative Services, candidates from the College were again most successful. Our previous success in capturing the first place was not repeated, but the eighth place won by B. Deva Rao, English Honours, 1947, was a good consolation prize, and altogether 12 former students of the College were in the list

Coming now to the second of our main heads, I am able to give a very confident assurance, that, if work was on the whole efficiently carried out, play was certainly not neglected. In athletics, 1949 was not one of our most distinguished years, but there were brilliant patches In cricket we contributed three representatives to the University team, and for the fourth year in succession the University captain was chosen from our ranks Tambaram in fact, is fast becoming a training-ground for university, provincial, and (we hope) all-India players, the last provincial team included three present students and three past; and if the College cricket team, in spite of all these honours, still fails to win the inter-collegiate championship, that must remain one of the great unsolved mysteries of our age. In track and field sports, we approached the final show-down with certain doubts in our minds but by good training, determination, and a kindly fortune, were enabled to win the Madras Inter-Collegiate Championship for the eleventh year in succession—a not undistinguished record In volley-ball also we became the inter-collegiate champions, and in football, hockey, basketball, and boxing, we were thereabouts, though not quite there As regards the total number of people who are playing regularly, and not simply in inter-collegiate competitions, I think that we certainly hold the South

Indian, and perhaps the all-India, title. G K. Chesterton says somewhere that the battle of Waterloo was not won by a few people playing good cricket on the playing fields of Eton, but by large numbers of people playing bad cricket on many a village green. If that be true, then Tambaram is preparing a great contribution to the military successes of the future; for not only are the Vandalur Rangers, the Selaiyur Foresters, and the Bishop Heber Juveniles continuing to produce large quantities of bad cricket, but every other game has its scores of regular exponents evening by evening, and enthusiasm never slackens.

But under the heading 'play', I ought to mention other activities besides athletics. In Tambaram, we specialise in drama, and not only in its production but also in its creation. During the course of the year, we witnessed performances in each of the three Halls, some in English, some in South Indian languages, some in a barbarous mixture of several languages, and even some in dumb-show These provided a good deal of entertainment for the spectators, and some useful training for the actors and producers, and we recognise them as an important factor in the educational process. The most important serious performance of the year was that of R. C. Sheriff's *Journey's End* by the College Dramatic Society. But drama has not had the field all to itself; the Fine Arts Association has been most active, and a succession of notable performers have delighted large audiences with dance and music; while, in the obscure world of the Hall commonrooms, many humble forms of amusement have their daily devotees, and there are glowing souls whose dearest ambition in life is to be (shall we say?) the carroms champion of such-and-such a Hall, Block X, downstairs section, sub-junior group.

My third main heading was 'miscellaneous', and under that category I have to say a closing word or two about all these activities which are not quite work, at any rate in the narrowest sense, and not quite play. The National Cadet Corps has been going strong this year, and came back from its Annual Camp in Tiruchirapalli looking a little sunburnt and a little weary, but laden with large silver cups for efficiency in various spheres of military endeavour. The Rural Service League is working hard in Tambaram village, and is still subsidising the Rural Service centre at the North East corner of the College compound. But I should like to see more students spending one evening a week regularly in the village—both for the sake of some little good that they might do there and also for the sake of what they might learn there—and I should like to see more regular subscribers to the league enrolling themselves, and *paying their subscriptions,* so that its work may really be our work, maintained by our own giving, and not by the proceeds of an annual entertainment which absorbs too much of the limited time and energy that is available The Union Society continues to organise debates and to arrange for addresses by distinguished speakers, among whom in recent months have been the Minister for Education, Mr T. T. Krishnamachari, and Mr. K. Santhanam Other Societies contribute liberally to the banquet of oratory which continues almost without intermission, throughout the academic year, and if we are not well-informed on a variety of subjects, the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves.

I think that the mood of the college is healthy and happy. There is a consciousness of old tradition, and genuine pride in it, and that is not surprising when one considers how many there are among our students whose fathers were here before them, not to speak of grandfathers and even great-grandfathers. There is a strong sense of unity, variegated by, but transcending, the feeling of loyalty to the respective Halls. There is a great deal of happy friendly give-and-take, not only between contemporaries, but between the senior and junior members of the College. And we are discovering afresh, as you discovered long ago, that when work goes hand in hand with worship, and life as a whole is organised around that central unity, college life in general acquires an added warmth and intensity, and its activities and personal relationships are infinitely enriched.

FACING THE FUTURE*

We have met here on the morning of this eventful day in the history of our country, to humble ourselves before Almighty God, to thank Him for all His blessings to us in the past and to seek His guidance for the future. May we also make this hour one of self-examination and rededication. It is inevitable that a time like this should also be one of remembrance. Let us thank God for all those political and social leaders who toiled without any hope of seeing the dawn; the younger generation who with the exhilirating effect of freedom, have been the architects of a new constitution, all poets, dramatists and novelists who have written and sung about the sorrows, joys and aspirations of our people, the humble worker in the field who with courage and patience cheerfully bore the brunt of the struggle. And lastly let us send forth a thought to the people of that little island 8,000 miles away, who played an important part in this drama of freedom. Let us wish them well and seek God's blessing on their country.

Today sees the constitutional fulfilment of the freedom inaugurated on August 15th, 1947. Though much has happened in the interval that has been encouraging, much has also happened that has made people disillusioned. Certainly a millenium of peace and plenty has not dawned on our country with freedom. But the need for hard and often unspectacular service has been again made clear. Now that freedom has become an accomplished fact, let us look forward to the future and ask ourselves the question that thousands must be asking to-day—How best can we serve the new Republic? Much can be done on the level of educating people on the rights and responsibilities of citizenship and the need for basic morality But I wish to dwell briefly on certain attitudes of mind that it seems to me desirable that we as citizens of a free country should develop.

To begin with let us once for all shed our *inferiority complex.* This is a most insiduous thing and manifests itself in many seemingly innocent and even laudable ways. Excessive local patriotism, too much attachment to regional languages, distrust of foreign culture and a continuous glorying in the past are all fruits of this complex. It is this feeling of inferiority that is at the root of much militant nationalism and can easily degenerate into jingoism

Once we have shed our inferiority complex we would find it easy to move *naturally,* with unaffected ease and dignity with all those foreigners who have come to our country either to visit or settle permanently. So far we have lived in the hot-house atmosphere of political tensions—where every gesture of the opponent was misinterpreted and the slightest insult magnified. Suspicion was the order of the day and we were continually on the look out to discover hidden unworthy motives beneath seemingly friendly gestures. Now all that is past and we can afford to be natural and even generous to the stranger within our walls. One of the great joys of being free is that we can afford the luxury of being kind to an Englishman without being dubbed a toady We can afford the even greater luxury of being rude to a Scotsman without being mistaken for a patriot.

This naturalness of behaviour will, to my mind, help us greatly to help our country to make the *transition from nationalism to internationalism.* A subject country builds up a violent type of nationalism as a political weapon and it is undoubtedly advantageous to do so But when that country becomes independent the very nationalism that served it so well in the past now becomes a stumbling block One of the greatest tragedies that can befall the new Republic that is born to-day, is for it to

(*Continued on page* 103)

* Address given at the Heber Chapel on the morning of 26th January 1950.

A REPUBLIC IN TRANSITION*

The emergence of India as a secular federal and parliamentary Republic is being acclaimed all around, as a notable event of our century. But even from its very inception the new Indian polity is being threatened by many subversive forces. This conflict and contradiction between the modern forces sustaining the republic and the medieval forces from which the country has not yet been fully weaned lead to India representing in her body politic many symptoms of a nation in transition.

With a civilization that goes back to the dim and distant past it is perhaps natural to view the present situation against the mighty pageant of India's historic past Historically approached these problems were at least potentially in existence since the establishment of the political and economic unity of India consequent on the British conquest and administration of our country. Viewed from the standpoint of modernism in the sense of the beginnings of a scientific-rationalistic attitude towards life and its problems in India, the great dividing line of Indian History can easily be drawn in the latter half of the 18th century. Until this period, notwithstanding its geographic unity, India remained a vast sub-continent comprising a multitude of races, languages and religions with little in common between them. Apart from the occasional imposition of unity by conquerors like the Mauryas, the Guptas and Moghuls —a unity held together by military bonds without any cohesive sustaining force, the conception of India as a unified administrative and economic entity was practically non-existent. But since the British conquest in its turn imposed the same unity there have been other factors which continue to sustain this unity even after 'the departure of the British' This is a new fact of the first order in Indian History. It points to the existence of certain impersonal forces in the country quite apart from the British and their imperial rule in India. The influence of these impersonal forces is best illustrated by the fact that Indian unity far from dissolving after 'the quitting of the British' was further strengthened and stabilised by the dramatic liquidation and integration of the 565 princely regimes that heretofore have disfigured the face of India. This leads us to think of another capacity of the British in India to be distinguished from their role as conquerors and administrators.

This dualism of the British mission in India—their role as rulers and as champions of scientific forces—was blurred and confused by the emotional context which the fact of foreign domination naturally produced. The British either held the opposing medieval forces in check or sustained and gave a new lease of life to them as it suited their imperial policies. Whereas the destruction of the centrifugal forces in our country by means of an administrative machinery traversing the length and breadth of the country, the growth of English education, the centralised economic planning and control, the railways, the telegraph, the post office and such other centralising agencies reveal the British as champions of a new order, their support of and alliance with the princes and zamindars in imperial interest betray their role as mere conquerors of the Moghul type A clear distinction of this dualism of the British role in India is essential to a correct evaluation of the present crisis

The problem appears in a new light since the establishment of Indian independence. The national Government has now to undertake the role of championing the cause of modernism in India. It is thus the intensification of the struggle between the old and the new or the medieval and modern order of things and its appearance in a new light that gives to India's new Independent Republican status its historic significance to the student of contemporary politics It follows therefore that since the breach of Britain's imperial nexus with India we have to reconsider our entire attitude to the British or rather to the ideas and institutions associated with the British. This

* The gist of a speech addressed to 'Heber Parliament' on 'Republic Day'

realization is nowhere better illustrated than in the changed attitude of Pandit Nehru himself towards the question of India's partnership in the commonwealth. The same Pandit Nehru who despite the general misgivings felt even among Congressmen—not to speak of the liberals and other minorities—against severing the commonwealth link, persuaded the Lahore Session of the Congress in 1929 to accept his view that 'there can be no true freedom till the British connexion is severed', is now all for retaining India's membership of the commonwealth despite 'the South African injustice' and 'the White Australia Policy.' To accuse Panditji of inconsistency or worse on this score is to say the least an oversimplification that takes little note of our changed situation with all its implications.

The symptoms of the present crisis are seen vividly expressed in three main battle fronts. Firstly there is the question of 'secularism versus the theocratic ideal' as expressed in the communalist attempt to convert India into a 'Hindustan'. Although the idea of the state being leased or even biased in favour of one sect or religion is an obviously medieval notion the mere fact of its survival in India is a sure index of the reactionary forces amidst us Not the least of Pandit Nehru's many invaluable services to India is his constant and untiring insistence and emphasis on the all important concept of the secular state. The controversy over the Hindu Code Bill has focussed our attention on this vital issue for in so far as the Hindu Code Bill is the beginning of the attempt to realise the ideal of non-discrimination on grounds of religion as between the citizens of the state in matters relating to property rights, succession, marriage, divorce etc, it is undoubtedly a step in the right modern direction.

The second main issue is that of 'Nationalism versus linguistic parochialism' as expressed in the demand for linguistic provinces and for the immediate replacement of English by Hindi from certain quarters. The redistribution of provincial boundaries on a linguistic basis if followed to its logical conclusion will entail the destruction of those vital modernizing influences now sustaining the unity of India. Although the Congress had accepted the linguistic principle in pre-independence days this like the question of the commonwealth link requires a realistic approach in view of the changed circumstances. In this connexion it is encouraging to note that out of the bewildering somersaults on the question of 'the Andhra Province' there has emerged one tangible result—the realization by many eminent Indians that the whole question of 'linguism' as a principle of Governmental organisation has got to be reconsidered in the light of the new situation.

Still another phase of the crisis expresses itself in the question of parliamentary democracy versus totalitarianism as may be seen in the threat to India's new constitutional set-up from communism in particular. This is but the Indian counterpart of the present world crisis resulting from the ideological conflict between the capitalist democracies and soviet communism. Communism despite its programme of social and economic justice is an affront to man's individual worth and personal dignity in view of its totalitarian philosophy implying the total subjection of the individual to the state. The western democracies on the other hand in so far as they rest on the capitalist social order at present also retard the development of the human personality. To say that the solution lies along the lines of a happy synthesis of the two ideologies expressing itself in democratic socialism may sound academic and impractical, yet that exactly is the great and immediate challenge to all the creative faculties of mankind. Will it be too much to hope that renascent republican India will be able to achieve such a reorientation of its entire outlook on life as to overcome those conflicts, to avoid the totalitarianisms of both the 'left' and the 'right' and to give a new leadership to our war-weary world in the true traditions of her neutral foreign policy?

K. C. THOMAS

MUSIC AND MATHEMATICS

A. A. GNANADOSS

[Mr. Gnanadoss read a paper on equal temperaments, and on approximations to two ratios by something like continued fractions, at the conference in December 1949 of the Indian Mathematical Society. But when he was asked to give a popular lecture on this subject at Queen Mary's College, he omitted the continued fractions, and added some other points of mathematical interest in music. This article is the result.]

Todhunter, a minor Victorian Mathematician, maintained that he could distinguish only two tunes in the world—one was 'God save the Queen' and the other was not. Lest one should credit him with at least that amount of musical sensibility he added that he distinguished the two by the fact that everyone stood up for the first tune. On the other hand Einstein is a fine musician and in his younger days used to play the violin at benefit performances. A music critic, who had heard that Einstein was world famous but did not stop to ask 'Why?', summed up his review by writing, 'Einstein plays well, but does not deserve world fame.'

When one studies the system of Carnatic music as expounded by Venkatamakhin, one feels that he is another instance of a mathematician sacrificed at the altar of music. Or take Bach a clergyman once asserted, quite justifiably, that Bach's compositions were like so many problems in mathematics. But Beethoven! could he add up figures?

Though a reliable estimate of the correlation between mathematical and musical abilities does not seem to have been made, it is generally accepted that certain problems in music can be given a mathematical treatment.

1. Janya Rāgas

A Janaka Rāga contains all the notes in the natural order both when ascending and when descending:

Sa Ri Ga Ma Pa Da Ni Sa
Sa Ni Da Pa Ma Ga Ri Sa

One type of Janya Rāga is obtained by omitting one or two notes, other than Sa, while ascending or descending. Anyone who has studied the elementary theory of combinations can prove that from a single Janaka Rāga $(1+{}_6C_1+{}_6C_2)^2-1$, i.e. 483, Janya Rāgas can be derived.

2. Melodic Progressions

Consider the three progressions* given below.

Ex. 1. *Sankarābharana*

Notes	Sa		Ri		Ga		Ma		Pa
	C		D		E		F		G
Frequency Ratios	1		$\frac{9}{8}$		$\frac{5}{4}$		$\frac{4}{3}$		$\frac{3}{2}$
Intervals		$\frac{9}{8}$		$\frac{10}{9}$		$\frac{16}{15}$		$\frac{9}{8}$	

Ex 2. *Māyāmālavagaula*

Notes	Sa		Ri		Ga		Ma		Pa
	C		Dflat		E		F		G
Frequency Ratios	1		$\frac{16}{15}$		$\frac{5}{4}$		$\frac{4}{3}$		$\frac{3}{2}$
Intervals		$\frac{16}{15}$		$\frac{75}{64}$		$\frac{16}{15}$		$\frac{9}{8}$	

Ex. 3. *Nādanāmakriya*

Notes	Sa		Ri		Ma		Ga		Ma		Pa
	C		Dflat		F		E		F		G
Frequency Ratios	1		$\frac{16}{15}$		$\frac{4}{3}$		$\frac{5}{4}$		$\frac{4}{3}$		$\frac{3}{2}$
Intervals		$\frac{16}{15}$		$\frac{5}{4}$		$\frac{15}{16}$		$\frac{16}{15}$		$\frac{9}{8}$	

It is well-known that the second example is more difficult to sing but more expressive than the first, and that the third, though it consists of the same notes as the second, is easier to sing than the second as the notes are in a different order. A scrutiny of the frequency ratios and intervals will reveal that for simple and smooth melodies the frequency ratios must be simple (e.g. $\frac{3}{2}$ & $\frac{16}{15}$) and so also must be intervals between the consecutive notes, but the introduction of more complex ratios (e.g. $\frac{75}{64}$) makes the melodies richer

* The first line in each example gives the Indian names, while the second the corresponding English names in the key of C. The third line gives the frequency of each note divided by that of Sa (C), and the fourth the frequency of a note divided by that of the previous note, which of course will also be the ratio of their frequency ratios. (The frequency of a note is the number of times a string vibrates when producing it)

3. Equal Temperament

If one plays on the piano the same Rāga starting from different keys, all the renderings would sound alike except for the difference in absolute pitch. The reason is that the piano is equally tempered, i.e. the octave is divided into twelve intervals of equal semitones with frequency ratios 1, $2^{\frac{1}{12}}$, $2^{\frac{2}{12}}$, $2^{\frac{3}{12}}$, . . . , $2^{\frac{11}{12}}$, 2; and hence instead of being absolutely in tune in one key and absurdly out of tune in another, it is equally out of tune, to a moderate degree, in all the keys. Now one may ask, "Can the octave be divided into a number of equal parts so that its notes may *seem* to be in tune?"

Yes. It has been found that the ear cannot detect errors less than one twentieth of a semitone. When the octave is divided into fifty three equal parts each error is much less than one twentieth of a semitone, and hence all the notes will sound true. If the octave is divided into thirty four equal parts the errors in the important notes are all less than one tenth of a semitone, and hence these notes will sound almost true.

4. The Hammond Organ

The difference in the qualities of sound produced by different musical instruments is due to the difference in the relative intensities of harmonics.* Conversely, by giving different intensities to the harmonics we may produce different tone colours. In the Hammond Organ the fundamental and six other harmonics can be given eight different intensities each, hence a naive Mathematician will calculate that it is possible to synthesize 8^7, i.e., 2,097,152, tone colours of existing and non-existing musical instruments. However the ear cannot distinguish them all. Nor does the organist use any arbitrary combination of intensities; but he thinks of families of tone colours, and then introduces subtler changes within each family. The relative intensities of the harmonics of a few instruments are given below with a brief explanation :—

Harmonics ...	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VIII
Concert flute ..	6	3	0	0	0	0	0
Wald flute ...	4	7	0	0	0	0	0
Clarinet ...	6	0	7	0	3	3	0
Trumpet ..	5	6	7	4	0	0	0
Violin ...	2	4	3	4	3	3	2

In the flute only the first two harmonics are present. The clarinet has mainly the odd harmonics with the third dominating. The trumpet has the first four harmonics with the third dominating. The violin has all the harmonics with end ones slightly weaker.

? ? ?

I should be grateful to any reader who can throw some light on one aspect of the subject of which I am almost totally ignorant, namely whether there are mathematical problems which can be given a musical treatment. The only instance that I can think of is that probably like most children I also learnt my numbers with aid of the song,

‘ஒன்று, யாவர்க்கும் தலை ஒன்று
(இ)ரண்டு, யாவாக்கும் கண் (இ)ரண்டு’

Epilogue

There is a physico-chemical basis for cooking and psycho-physiological basis for relishing food; dhal does not cook well in salt water due to a wrong balance of osmotic pressures and the fine taste of orange juice is mainly due to its smell. Yet one can be a good cook or a good eater without having studied these hyphenated subjects. The composer composes his music, the performers perform it, and the audiences enjoy it, but the scientist goes on revelling in the study of frequencies, hamonics, threshold of hearing, cochlea, and what not. One must realize that all great music contains an explicable and an inexplicable part; what can be explained, perhaps, can be explained mathematically, but what cannot be explained is called Genius.

* When one tries to produce a note on an instrument, in addition to that note (Fundamental or First Harmonic) some higher notes (Harmonics) are also produced. In the Hammond organ the seventh harmonic is omitted. The sub-fundamental and its third harmonic are not mentioned here for the sake of simplifying the problem.

KATHA KALI—A DANCE-DRAMA

R. Ravi Varma

Arrian, the famous Greek historian says, 'No nation is fonder of singing and dancing than the Indian.'

Legends and even history admit that India had all along been a lover of fine arts in spite of her on-the-whole metaphysical and other-worldly approach to life and its various problems. Ever since the dawn of history, this ancient land of ours has been amazingly rich in poetry and painting, sculpture and architecture, music and dancing and scattered out in the odd corners of this land you may see even to this day some of the relics of these age-old and marvellous treasures. Even some great saints who lived and died up in the mountains and the mysteriously lonely valleys of the Himalayas have sung and danced and also conceived of new styles of dances despite the basic aspect of their thought which stressed asceticism and negation. The famous treatise Bharata Natyam, named after its author the Saint Bharata, which still remains the backbone of Indian classical dances makes this abundantly clear. To an alien, this curious mixing up of the spiritual with the material may seem strange, but for us it is only natural, for India is a mysterious land and miracles can happen in this mysterious land of ours.

From the Himalayas to the State of Kerala is a far cry. And yet here too grew up a remarkable dance, a modified form of Bharata Natyam, resembling it very closely and still differing from it in various other ways. This dance known as Kathakali, is a pantomimic art scientifically worked out and aesthetically conceived. As a highly imaginative dance-drama it consists of music, dialogues, dances and a code of gestures and gesticulations. Shrouded as its origin is in myths and hearsay, the earliest beginnings of the handposes can be traced to the Tantric Period when the priests are believed to have prayed to gods through signs and symbols, just as the Greeks did in the Mycenaean civilisation. Till the sixteenth century this form of speaking through symbols did not advance any further. There is a story that the Zamorin of Calicut gave the cold shoulder to a chieftain of South Kerala when he requested the former to send his troupe of dancers to his tiny state. The request was denied point blank on the ground that the chieftain was not so refined and cultured as to perceive the intricacies of dances. Thereupon, unable to pocket the insult, the chieftain, who himself was a great poet and artist, set up a rival school of dancing which gradually came to be known as Kathakali.

Among the various dances and dramas which helped and shaped and moulded this great art to its modern form mention may be made of Sastra Kali, Kootiyattam, Chakiarkootu and Geeta Govindam. It is not possible nor is it desirable here to dwell on them at length. They can be dismissed with a passing remark that the first three are highly satirical performances with very crude forms of dancing movements, and the last is one depicting an interlude between Krishna and Radha in verses which are full of rhymes and alliterations and words of love. A salient feature in all these performances was the fact that the dancer had to sing, act and dance all by himself. This presented obvious difficulties in the display of themes with dramatic effect. There was therefore need of reform. A

synthesis of the best elements in these dances was soon evolved and it was absorbed into Kathakali which then was known as Ramanattam. A great literature grew up in which not only stories of Rama—whence the name Ramanattam—but themes of varied interests were dealt with. Meanwhile the formation of a separate orchestra and separate musicians relieved the dancer of his manifold duties In this connection the help rendered by a few Namboodiris who were the elite of Kerala was of no small part.

Intense, laborious training is indispensable before one could aspire to become an expert in the art. Between nine and thirteen you are admitted into a kaluri or institution where education is given after the Gurukula style. You have to pass through a rigorous course of exercise every morning with your body oiled. Then you have to lie on the ground for the ordeal of a massage of your limbs and arms and waist which the Guru performs by means of supporting himself on a rope tied above. This is intended to enable you to make your movement quick fast and effortless. For the preservation of the agility of motion the massage has to be gone through annually.

Training is also given in the various physical attitudes, foot-strokes, and kalasoms. Kalasoms are the finishing steps in the dance. Ashta Kalasom, a group of eight dances begins with simple foot strokes and passes through marvellous and subtle movements as it reaches its final phase. It is easily the master-piece in Kathakali dance. The celebration of a tremendous achievement is usually followed with the Ashta Kalasom. Indeed it is a harmonious conglomeration of picturesque physical attitudes, lovely movements of the eyes and brows, arch movements of the neck and wonderful handposes Some of the physical attitudes are attainable only with the utmost effort. One of the most difficult of them is pinning oneself to the stage with the limbs thrown out sideways and returning to the normal pose without breaking the rhythm of the orchestration. Along with these the code of gestures and the various expressions are also taught. A good time-sense is indispensable for all dancers to keep pace with the time-measure or Tala.

There are altogether sixty-four Mudras or handposes, twenty-four of which are to be shown by both hands and the rest singly. Each handpose makes a meaningful word and the number is increased by combination on principles of permutation. The success of expressing feelings on the face depends on your ability to let loose the necessary emotions and instincts from the heart. Every part of the face has to be brought into action for the expression of one or the other feelings such as love or hatred, anger or sorrow, wonder or victory. There are altogether nine expressions and they are collectively called 'Nava Rasam'.

The costumes and make-up are colourful and varied. They consist of dresses of brilliant blue and red and yellow crowns, ear-rings, ornaments of pearls and gems. The head-dress or the crown is worn only by the male characters, and consists of a circular disc, with a hollow triangular structure beautifully decked with rubies and shining ornaments and can be adjusted to fit any head.

There are roughly four types of make-up. For noble characters the face is painted with green, and two white brackets are raised which run down the whole of the cheek and are joined at the chin. This is called Pacha or green Kathi differs from Pacha only in a small detail, that is a red paint on either side of the nose. It represents dictators and autocrats. The lower eyelid is in both cases painted with black. The make-up of Tadi or beard consists of painting the face with black and red and raising a bristle-like structure at the dividing line which runs across the middle of the face. This is evidently the characterisation of wicked and evil spirits. The female make up is called minukku which is plain and simple. The garments are loose and cover almost the whole of the body and arms and have a foppish and unwieldy look. They are a marked contrast to the modern use of tight-fitting garments in dances which presents almost a naked view of the dancer showing his curves and contours.

The orchestra consists of a huge pair of cymbals, drums, known as Maddalam and Chenda and a gong. Vocal music or the orchestra is given prominence according to the needs of the dancer. In the absence of vocal music the instruments are played at a high pitch in order to work up a strange atmosphere on the stage which would exactly fit in with the appearance of the various characters.

The performance usually starts late at night and lasts till the morning. A big oil lamp with numerous chords lights the stage. A colorful piece of cloth with a lotus flower in the centre makes the curtain. It is held in suspension by two people whenever the stage has to be screened. Before the commencement of the performance, a religious rite called Todayam is performed by two female characters to ensure the success of the play. This is followed by a musical interlude, named Manjutara. The debut or purappad is displayed with much pomp and ceremony and will be accompanied by the main theme of the day. A short orchestral performance made in the evening is aimed to attract a large gathering and is termed 'Keli.'

Kathakali has a unique and outstanding place today. The fact that Viswa Bharati and the Kalakshetia at Adyar in Madras impart training in this art amply bears out the fact. But credit goes really to Sri Vallathol Narayana Menon, the Poet Laureate of Kerala for his selfless, successful work to save this art which was at the point of falling into decay and obscurity. The 'Kala Mandalam' in Cochin, set up by him, is possibly the greatest of its kind in All India. It has produced numerous artistes who have earned name and fame from critics and art lovers as the custodians of a great and noble art. Yes, India can at any time be proud of the conception and possession of such a sacred art that is bubbling with beauty and imagination.

(Continued from page 96)

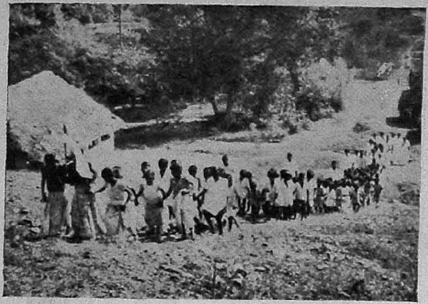
develop a narrow and insular outlook. Our ~~Prime~~ Minister Pandit Nehru has given us a worthy lead in the matter of internationalism. It behoves us to back him to the best of our ability.

We are beginning our life anew to-day with many noble resolutions. But the human will is notoriously frail and human achievement notoriously incomplete. From whence are we going to get the strength and the power to put our ideals into practice and carry them through in the face of difficulties and disappointments? We in this College have always stood for the integration of the spiritual, moral and physical life of man. All human effort is in vain unless it is based on a faith in God's ultimate purpose for this world. Therefore I wish to suggest that as you go out from this house of God into the country that you seek to serve, you should take with you the image of the Cross, that is so familiar to all of you. To us Christians it has a special doctrinal significance, but even to those who do not accept it, it stands for the great truth that achievement in this world is possible only through suffering and service. This has been again and again demonstrated in the history of humanity.

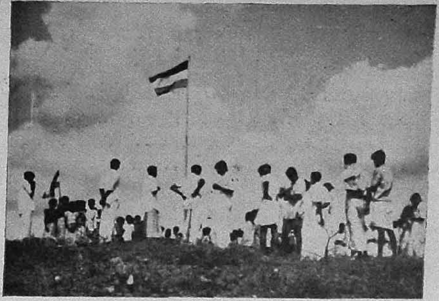
The word country is an abstraction. It is not something enthroned in the Council Chamber in New Delhi. The country consists of its people. The country is all around us. It may not be given to us to serve it in the spectacular way in which some of our diplomats do. Our portraits may not appear in the papers. Do not wait for some great and golden occasion to serve your country. Let us do it now in the way we behave in a game, in the way in which we treat our servants and the way in which we keep our promises. With love towards all, with hatred towards none, with a willing heart, a ready hand and faith in God let us go forward!

S. P. ADINARAYAN.

THE IDES OF MARCH



THE PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY UP THE HILL



A. S. Chandra Pandian

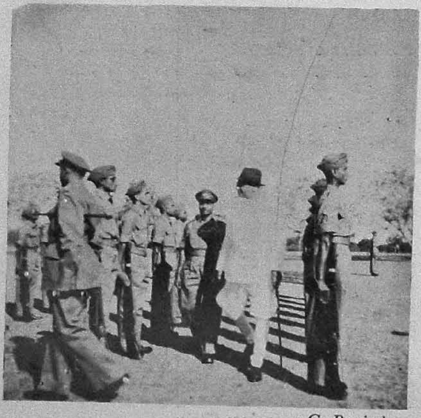
FLAG HOISTING ON THE HILL TOP

N. Mahadevan

J. D. PAUL JEYARAJ TREATING A SMALL BOY

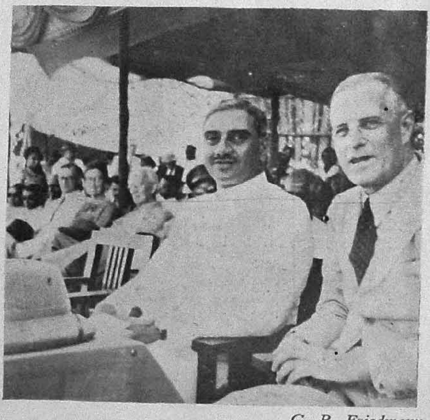
CONNEMARA PUBLIC

COMMEMORATION DAY SPORTS



G. Ravindran

H. E. INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR



G. B. Friedmann

H. E. WITH THE PRINCIPAL PRESIDING AT THE SPORTS

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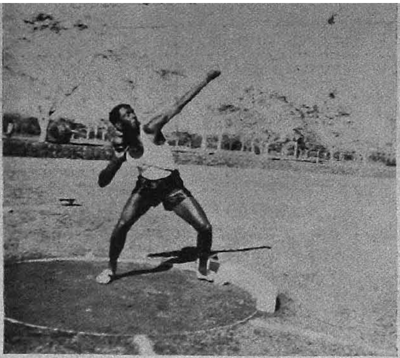
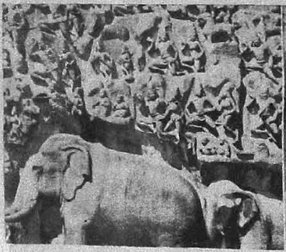


G. Ravindran

CHANDRAPANDIAN PUTTING THE SHOT

MAHABALIPURAM



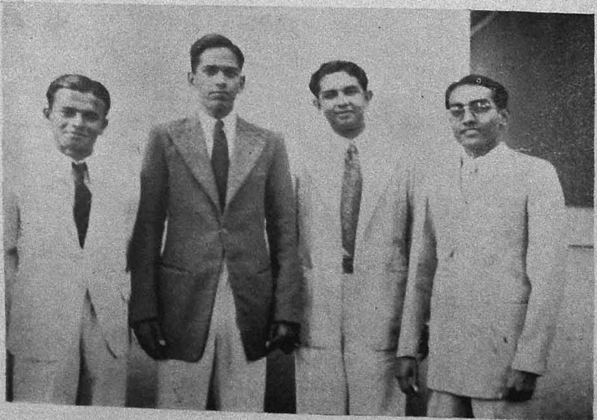
G. B. Friedmann

ELEPHANT, IN 'ARJUNA'S PENANCE'

CHILDREN ON THE LION

BHIMA'S RATHA

DEBATING TEAM



Abraham Koshy

K. GEORGE CHACKO, T. P. SUBRAMONIAM, GEORGE ISAAC, K. RADHAKRISHNA MENON

MAHABALIPURAM

G. B. Friedmann

I have set myself the difficult task of trying to present, in retrospect, the History Association's excursion to the Seven Pagodas (Mahabalipuram, 53 miles South of Madras). It was indeed a privilege to have the secretary accept my participation in the excursion with alacrity, the more so as I was one of the three non-historians—one of them being Mr. Chandrasekaran—who were there.

On the appointed day—the rain clouds having gathered overhead—we assembled punctually at an early morning hour, and received our first shock at the sight of the bus. Despite the Secretary's previous negotiations, it turned out not to be a petrol driven bus! It moved with the expected slowness of the countryside. We being assembled like sardines in a tin, the trail began to blaze with charcoal smoke.

Another shock was not long in coming! We were promised, not only before, but also during the drive, suitable refreshment—in the form of fresh coconuts—at that most fascinating of places, Thirukallikundram. We arrived there with our lateness augmented by some negotiations at Chingleput, to find not only the coconuts missing, but also the time to ascend the hill. So the trundle continued until we eventually reached the guest house in Mahabalipuram.

It was most unfortunate that we missed the location of the home of S Rathakrishnan, who, it turned out, had made elaborate preparations for our refreshment. We offer him our sincerest apologies.

Accompanied by a running commentary from Mr. Titus Verghese, we were quickly shepherded to the first of the sights, close to the guest house—Kolikal Mandapa, whose only claim to beauty is the artistic method by which it has been created out of a single piece of rock. There was some doubt amongst the historians as to what were corbels; happily these could be sorted out by me! The day was hot and the road dusty, as we pressed on to see the other sights worthy of note.

Thus we saw not only an unfinished Arjuna's Penance, but also a greatly magnified and completed edition of the same. The ladies went into ecstasies over the praying cat, and other naturalistic scenes, whereas the historians were chiefly concerned with the thinker and the elephants tusks. Not far from them, the monkeys caught our eye.

Continuing through a gateway of unidentified origin or purpose, with a brief glimpse of the sea, we eventually reached some of the most fascinating mural sculptures. Witness the Vishnu in the Mahishasura Mandapa, where he lies dreaming of the world he creates, under the shadow of the serpent Sesha, while heavenly and earthly beings float around. Opposite him, Durga rides her lion to victory against the buffalo-headed demon, Mahishasura. In the Krishna Mandapa, we saw—and enjoyed—the milkman milking his cow in a traditional pose, familiar in contemporary South India, whilst Indra gathers his storm clouds to pester Krishna. At the Varaha Mandapa, Lakshmi, on her lotus, is bathed by elephants. On the other side of this shrine, Durga sits shadowed by the royal umbrella, while in the background is Brahma with his three faces, the fourth being hidden.

Before climbing the lighthouse, which we had already noted with fascination, we passed the beautifully carved lion pillars of the Ramanuja Mandapa, the unrationed butter pat of Krishna, the lion throne too hard to sit on, being made purely of uncushioned stone, and questioningly looked into the Gopi's churn, until one of the more courageous spirits of the party, waded through it to the immense satisfaction and delight of all the others, without any signs of curdling!

From the lighthouse, those who had dared to ascend the rickety steps enjoyed a most comprehensive and extensive panorama presented by Mahabalipuram. Naturally, there were the usual discussions on location, allocation and dislocation of the whole scene, which were not easily settled by any reference to the visible structures.

The great event of the day had now drawn near, and we speedily prepared to make ourselves ready in the Travellers' Bungalow. The food was dished out to everybody in equal quantity, but the final result was an unequal distribution of various items. To sleep, by some unfortunate maladjustments, was not found practicable. History always marches on!

Eventually, towards the cool of the afternoon, we loaded into our bus and proceeded in vehicular style to the Five Rathas—the most famous of the Seven Pagodas. In front of the second of these—Arjuna's Ratha—the first group photograph was taken, in which appear quite prominently the Devanesen boys, who were to entertain us in due course. Shiva's Bull was passed by while some theory was put forward on the structure of Draupadi's Ratha. However Durga's Lion was soon graced by our adventurous children, and I must say they made graceful riders. Passing by the other Rathas, we found more pleasure in climbing Dharmaraja's Ratha and looking down upon Indra's Elephant and a party of tourists still disgustingly busy with their lunch around Bhima's Ratha, with complete disregard for archaeology.

Having satisfied our aesthetic senses, we again entered the bus to proceed to the shore Temple. We lost no time in scattering ourselves around the beach, taking a long rest while admiring the structure of the Temple.

The sun was low when we again 'sardined' ourselves. Because of the wanderlust of the driver, it took us much longer than anticipated to reach Chingleput where tea awaited us. Meanwhile the bus had vanished to replenish its dwindling resources, as well as the energy of its hard-worked driver. This caused us no small anxiety, the secretary, whose noble virtue it is to be trusting, had already paid in full! Eventually, after diverse messages, the vehicle drew up.

The road to Tambaram was amusing. Some of the historians managed quite wonderfully to arouse the dormant spirits of the children. Sudarshan had his hat full of sea shells which we vainly tried to remove. His vociferous objections made the bus roar with laughter. At Tambaram the usual round of dropping living freight was accomplished, to the accompaniment of nocturnal music.

The successful conclusion of the expedition left in us a sense of the accomplished, and a greater appreciation of the inimitable methods by which ancient man has perpetuated his genius.

The Lecturer.—'Of the Moghul rulers who is your favourite?'

'Sultana Raziya,' was the answer. 'Why?' 'Because we need not study about her much.'

B. MUTHUNAYAGAM.

THE PRINCESS WHO MARRIED A SWEEPER!

By T. N. S. Raghavachari, B A.

About five hundred years ago the Chola Kings of South India ruled with great pomp and their fame had spread far and wide. They held sway not only over the whole of Deccan but also over part of Mysore, the Andhradesa, Kalingam (Orissa), Maghadam, Kosalam, Burma, Ceylon, and also part of Indonesia, As a result of their having thus extended their sway over distant parts of India intermarriages between the Chola families and those of the other conquered kingdoms, became fairly common. The northern princes considered it an honour and a privilege to be thus united in matrimonial alliance with the Cholas of the South. These princes of the Northern tracts called themselves kings of the *Chola-Ganges* dynasty. One of these *Chola-Ganges* kings who ruled over (Orissa) Kalingam between 1479 and 1504 A.D., was the famous Purushothama Varman. He was indeed a very brave man, fond of travel and adventure He was also of pious disposition. He shifted the capital of his kingdom from Calingapatam to Puri (Jagannath), in order that he might be in a position to offer worship at the Shrine of Lord Krishna every day, and satisfy thereby his innate desire to be a servant and true devotee of the Almighty Parandhāma. When he had settled down at Puri, he felt an urge to take a suitable partner in life, who would be a help-mate in his daily avocations, as husband, as king, as a devotee and a servant of God. He was now entering his twenty-fifth year of life—a really charming young man with bright and handsome features and a very cheerful disposition. He had heard from several people that the ruling prince of Kancheepuram—who was only a Satrap under the King of Vijayanagaram (at this time the Chola Kings had been ousted from their sway over most of the territories they had been in possession of till then by the King of Vijayanagar)—had an only daughter of exquisite beauty and that she was of marriageable age Purushothama Varman's ministers and the State Pandits also extolled the virtues and beauty of this princess from the accounts they had received from different sources. In fact, they had been making discreet enquiries of eligible brides for their king long before the king contemplated matrimony, after mature deliberation and necessary consultations, it was decided to send a party of three messengers—according to the traditional custom prevalent in Royal families of the time,—to Kancheepuram, with a communication from Purushothaman to the Kancheepuram Satrap, indicating his inclinations and desire to wed the latter's daughter. The Royal messengers reached Kancheepuram, travelling on horseback from Orissa to Madras and thence to Kanchi. It took them twenty-six days to reach their destination They travelled slowly by stages, in order that no mishap or misadventure might befall them or their mounts *en route*, in the course of this most sacred and auspicious journey. When they obtained audience with the Kancheepuram King and presented their credentials along with Purushothama Varman's epistolary communication the Satrap was seized of the purpose of the visit of the messengers. He accorded them a right Royal welcome and received them with all the respect and dignity due to an independent ruler of a large kingdom.

The king then summoned his relatives to an informal meeting of his courtiers with the messengers from Kalinga with a view to ascertaining fuller particulars of the antecedents and connections of the king of Kalinga who offered his hand in marriage to his only daughter Vathsala. The messengers accordingly gave the assembly a complete account of their ruler's ancestry and his glorious achievements since he ascended the

gadi four years previously; even while they were on their feet relating Purushothama Varman's religious activities, an elderly relative of the Kanchi king rose up and asked the leader of the messengers to say if it was not a fact that their king was in the habit of sweeping and cleaning up the sanctum of the temple at Jagannāth. The messenger-in-chief promptly replied in a majestic voice 'Oh! yes—our pious king who is a most God-fearing and righteous ruler, considers it to be a really great honour and special privilege to be permitted to do this bit of service to the Lord Almighty; he would not let any one else do this during the annual festival. The princess, who will ultimately become our Queen, should consider herself an extraordinarily lucky person to become Purushothama Varman's partner in life.' The old relative sat down in his seat with a sneer in his face and in an exultant mood, as though he had unravelled some unfathomable mystery. Some others amongst the assembled relatives cheered the old man for his having averted a catastrophe! The king's prime minister, however, felt very unhappy at the turn of events, for he was really hoping that this alliance would materialise and redound to the credit and prestige of the Chola dynasty, to which the King of Kancheepuram really belonged. The Prime Minister's advice, therefore, counted for nothing as the elderly relatives counselled the king against the marriage and in one voice exclaimed loudly 'Our darling princess Vathsala shall not become a sweeper's (Thotti's) wife, whatever happens.' This was said in the presence of Purushothaman's couriers. The Kanchi king accepting the advice thus tendered, transmitted the same to the messengers in the same impolite and offensive language.

The messengers promptly retired and hastened to their king at great speed. They related to him what happened at Kancheepuram, without omitting any of the events that took place at the court of the petty Satrap of Kancheepuram. This enraged Purushothama Varman who swore vengeance and ordered an immediate mobilisation of a small army. He then marched to Kancheepuram with this army and laid siege to the town. Unfortunately the smallness of his army, the fatigue experienced in the long march from Orissa to Kanchi and the preparedness of the supercilious and impolite King of Kancheepuram, resulted in the siege being raised after a week and Purushothaman having to abandon the attempt had return to Orissa. Nothing daunted, he soon collected a large army of well-disciplined and trained stalwart soldiers and was back in Kancheepuram within six weeks of his first attempt. The Kancheepuram army was soon overpowered and the town was captured. Purushothama Varman took Vathsala as a prisoner of war to be taken to Orissa. He was in no mood to retain his hold over Kanchi, as this would have meant his coming into collision with the then powerful and war-minded King of Vijayanagar. So he let the Kanchi King have his town back but warned him against a repetition of his foolish and haughty action. He returned to Orissa with the princess Vathsala as a captive. His rage and contempt for the Kanchi Satrap would not abate and he swore he would teach him a lesson. He ordered that the princess Vathsala should be given in marriage to a real sweeper of the Bhangi class. This order was communicated to his minister Sumanthra for execution. Sumanthra, however, was neither willing nor had he the strength of mind, to carry it out. He vainly pleaded with his master not to be carried away by impulses born of anger against a stupid and ill-bred Satrap who was guided by his ill-informed relatives lacking culture and politeness; a poor innocent girl should not be made the victim for the thoughtless action of a thoughtless parent. These and similar arguments, which would have weighed with any human being under normal conditions failed to evoke sympathy in Purushothaman for poor Vathsala. The minister had, therefore, to resort to some stratagem to get over the difficulty. Making it appear that he had obeyed the king's orders and had sent away the couple to a distant village for their honeymoon, the minister took the princess under his protection and kept her in hiding.

(*Continued on page 110*)

UNCLE'S VISIT

By K. S. Sundararama Sarma

Madhav and Shanta were a newly married couple and it was only a fortnight back that Madhav secured a job in a journal at Bombay and established his new home there along with his wife. He took his English Honours degree from the Madras Christian College only last summer and soon after was married His marriage proved to be a lucky turn in his life, as it immediately brought him a decent job without much difficulty. Shanta had her secondary education while she was with her parents and was also good at music.

A new act opened in the drama of their life and both husband and wife were beginning to find themselves in their new roles. Each strived to make the other comfortable and happy by paying every kind of petty attention and it was as though each was made for the other, They had not yet managed to completely get over the shyness which was still lurking in them and their conversation was always pretty, never crossing the limits of a newly made friendship.

It was a Sunday morning when Madhav and Shanta were having their coffee It was a holiday for Madhav and so he was lazily lounging in the easy chair with the newspaper, after finishing his coffee, while Shanta went about her work in the house. Just then the noise of a tonga stopping at their gate was heard and both of them rushed out of the house An elderly gentleman aged a little more than fifty, 'with spectacles on nose and pouch on side' alighted from the tonga, his face wreathed in smiles as he looked at the couple.

'Welcome, Welcome, Uncle,' said Madhav, his face beaming with joy while Shanta was all modesty and was not late in extending her welcome to him by saying in a sweet, respectable tone, 'You are most welcome to our house, Uncle.' The tongawalla carried the luggage into the house and left the place after receiving his fare.

Madhav asked Shanta to look to Uncle's comforts and went to the market to get some vegetables for their dinner. Meanwhile, Uncle had his morning coffee and was making many a kind enquiry of Shanta about so many things. Madhav soon returned from the market and Shanta began to be busy in the kitchen, preparing a fine dinner in honour of Uncle's visit. Uncle and Madhav had a long chat before they got up for dinner.

Uncle was a man with a keen sense of humour and was making the young couple laugh themselves out by his rollicking anecdotes which were mostly connected with his early married life. He asked them numerous questions about their new life, at the same time giving many tips to each of them how to be in the good books of the other. The whole afternoon was spent in fun and frolic, and in the evening, all the three went out for sightseeing after which they went to the picture house. It was nine o'clock in the night when they returned home and had their dinner Uncle was incessant in his talk about so many topics and the exploits of his youth in Burma and Malaya where he served during the first Great War. The next morning he had to be going home to Nagpur by the five o'clock train and so was busy packing the things which Madhav had bought for him. Shanta had also purchased a nice saree costing fifty rupees as a present to Aunt at Nagpur The next morning, the couple accompanied him to the station to see him off. They bade him farewell and Godspeed as the train steamed out of the platform.

'What a grand man your Uncle is!' remarked Shanta in the tonga on their way home.

'What, What? my Uncle! Who is my Uncle?' exclaimed Madhav

'Oh, please don't make pompous attempts at wit' retorted Shanta.

'What is there to be witty about?' he asked with a mild surprise.

'Then why do you pretend such surprise when I call him your Uncle?' asked she, a bit embarrassed.

'Good heavens! What may you mean by this? Is he not your Uncle? Only two days back I received a letter from him to my office address, saying that he wants to pay you a surprise visit just to see how you are getting on with me and so asking me not to inform you about it,' he gave out, completely amazed.

'My goodness! I also received a letter two days ago from him wherein he states that he is your Uncle and that he intends to take you by surprise with a visit like this. There also he asks me not to disclose it to you' said she, her eyes filled with a wild suprise.

By this time the tonga reached their home. Madhav dashed into the house, his wife following him. He went straight to his coat that was on the hanger and began to search for the letter, and Shanta ran to her chest of drawers for the same purpose. In a moment she ran to Madhav, with a shriek.

'What's the matter?' he asked, still continuing his search for the letter.

'My necklace is missing in the drawer' she screamed.

'My God! I am missing my wrist-watch' stammered Madhav, gaping at her in utter stupefaction

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(*Continued from page* 108)

He had come to learn of the beauty, high sense of fairness, modesty, culture, training and education of Princess Vathsala, and also of the fact that she was the most handsome of all the eligible unmarried princesses in Dhakshinadesa, and he had actually seen her before him. How could he then reconcile himself to the ordeal proposed for her by the King? He was eagerly waiting for the commencement of the annual festival in the Jagannath temple which luckily was due in less than a week. On the morning of the first day of the festival, King Purushothama Varman arrived at the temple carrying his broom to sweep and clean. Lord Krishna's sanctum Having swept it clean he stood in front of the Lord, broom in hand, and eyes closed, and was engaged in deep meditation Sumanthra had arranged for princess Vathsala to be brought there and kept in hiding. When the King was thus standing before the deity in meditation, the princess was brought there and made to stand by the side of the King As soon as he opened his eyes, Sumanthra, the clever minister, pointed Vathsala to the King and said in clear tones 'My good Lord and Sovereign, I pray that you forgive me for my not having given away Princess Vathsala yet in marriage to a "Thotti" sweeper, as ordered. I could not get till now a suitable sweeper to marry this paragon of virtue. So I made bold to wait till I was able to secure a proper and suitable sweeper to wed her. This opportunity has just occurred my sovereign Lord, and I have great pleasure in carrying out your orders. To this end I hereby convey to the Royal Thotti (sweeper) my King's orders and along with them, this precious gem of a girl, an exquisitely beautiful princess endowed with every womanly virtue and well-versed in all the fine arts, for his graciously obeying the King's mandate and accepting this treasure for safe keeping and judicious use' The King was taken by surprise and gratefully yielded to the minister's wishes. He himself had often felt and expressed to his minister, that his action in having ordered her to be married to a sweeper was ill-conceived hasty and wrong. The minister's well-thought out plan was, therefore, the more welcome and acceptable to the King who profusely thanked him for his sagacity, forethought and clever handling of a very difficult situation. Vathsala became the Queen of Kalinga, at that very moment in the Lord's presence and they then lived happily for many years.

SUMMER IN KASHMIR

By S. S. Subramaniam and George Isaac

In the valley there was no truce and the fighting went on. Even in the winter the Kashmir cold did not reach the bottom of the valley. The dead were hastily buried in the warm tropical earth. In the sky the sun circled higher as the summer advanced. The snows were beginning to melt and the swollen torrents rushed into the jungle-fringed lake. There were five men in the valley.

Subedar Sunderaj Naidu stopped his work with the small field radio and looked up. All round the mountains rose steeply. The tops were heavily covered with snow which reflected the sun with silvery brilliance. He was sweating heavily and across his bare chest the sweat ran in thin rivulets cutting gleaming ebony lines through the caked mud.

His companion lay on his stomach on the ground. He had only his army trousers on. With practised fingers he carefully oiled the sten gun in his hands; a torn shirt provided a rag to clean the breech. His body was slim but beautifully muscled with the copper skinned suppleness of the Malayali Nair. He squinted down the barrel as he asked, 'Any hope of getting that repaired?'

With the screwdriver Naidu began to beat at the radio 'You blasted Malayali keep your damned mouth shut.' He got up and kicked the metal box out of the clearing. He was swearing luridly and fluently in Tamil. Nair was laughing; he had finished assembling the gun. 'Cheer up. The snows will melt in another month and we can get out of here. By the by, what about dinner?' Naidu eyed him with distaste. He pushed the overhanging branches back and picked up the service ·303 rifle that leant against the tree. The movement disturbed the small thick bushes at the roots and a small green snake hissed in the grass. Suddenly there was the flat crack of a frontier rifle; a long raised scar, momentarily white streaked across Naidu's chest. The next moment they were both in the undergrowth moving fast. There was another sharp crack and

the thud of the soft bullet embedding itself in a tree trunk The jungle became silent and the shadows dark and vicious. Naidu was swearing under his breath but with greater feeling than before. The streak was red now and the blood seeped down his stomach on to his dirty pants. Nair's eyes were narrowed and in his hands the snub nose of the sten described little semi-circular movements. There was no one to be seen. At the end of half an hour they heard the sound of the enemy retreating in the distance.

Nair began to bandage the wound with a rag he produced from his pocket. 'Lucky it was not all three of them together, we would have had it. Must have been the lad sent out to get dinner' When the dressing was over Nair dug into his pocket and produced a packet of cigarettes. There were five in the packet. He gave one to Naidu and broke another in half for himself. In the gathering dusk he puffed silently. Nair said, 'Can't we arrange some sort of a truce, what the hell goes on outside this valley none of us know.' From his sheath Naidu drew his bayonet and put it to the other's throat, 'Mutiny, eh, you Malayali?' He began to laugh. 'In the first place, my little one we don't know the language so we can't talk to those charming Pathan boys. In the second place any move on our part will be met by these bullets, and thirdly my sweet Pathans eat little Malayali boys.' He began to swear again, the bandage had become soaked and the blood was flowing again Nair began to bandage the wound again When he had finished he said 'Tomorrow we will polish them off I don't like being shot at when I am thinking about dinner and I don't think this is good for my health' Naidu's face was contorted with pain but he fell asleep soon. Nair began to sharpen the bayonets in the dark.

In the early morning they set off, Nair leading the way; the rifle slung across his back, using the bayonets silently and efficiently to cut a way through the thick undergrowth. He moved slowly and carefully, avoiding the yellow pools of sunlight on the jungle floor. He found them in the early afternoon.

The three Pathans were seated near a little stream. Their long frontier rifles lay on the ground. They wore no shirts and in the halftwilight of the jungle their chests looked strangely aenemic They were eating using their long knives to cut the bandicoot on the ground. The two sepoys crept closer One of the Pathans got up and went down stream. Nair signalled, 'Wait till I shoot' and crawled after him, disappearing into the thick undergrowth.

Naidu lay flat and very still on his stomach. The muzzle of the sten was trained on the couple as he waited. He was so close he could almost hear their harsh gutteral conversation. He wondered what they were talking about He was so tense that it seemed he could hear Nair's progress. Even the Pathans seemed to suspect something and seemed unhappy There was the sudden high snap of the .303 and a scream The two Pathans leaped for their guns, Naidu's fingers came down hard on the trigger of the sten and the jungle echoed with the chatter of the automatic weapon

Naidu was swearing now and firing at random. The bandage had come off during the trek and he had been lying down with the open wound on the ground. The brutal recoil of the sten tore through his body, sending the steel-capped bullets crashing high into the trees.

He was late at the rendezvous. When he regained consciousness Nair was sitting by him moodily smoking a cigarette. The wound was bandaged again but this time with the soft cloth torn from a Pathan's pyjamas. Nair tried to console him. By the evening he was feverish and by next morning in spite of the sulfa from the first aid kit the wound was definitely septic. When he regained consciousness next morning there was no sign of Nair. The sten gun lay next to him but the rifle had disappeared. The whole of that day and the night he lay awake in an agony of fear waiting for his return. In the early morning he set out carrying the sten. His head was heavy and he moved slowly, wincing as the branches whipped across his chest. He found Nair in the evening. Nair lay on his stomach with the back of his head

blown to bits. Naidu turned him over on his back and his face contorted, as he saw what the soft lead bullet had done to the stomach. He turned the body back on its face. He lay there that night but got up early and began digging with his bayonet. When his grave was finished he rolled the body in. Before filling in the earth he searched the pockets but found nothing On his way back he moved very slowly and carefully resting himself and sticking close to the stream. In the evening he met one of the Pathans.

From behind a rock Naidu watched him, the breath painfully constricted in his chest. The Pathan came down cautiously to the water edge. He was quite alone. He looked about and then bent down to drink. Naidu began firing and the bullets tore through the flesh and screamed into the jungle behind. The Pathan fell forward into the shallow water and lay still, his face .downward. Naidu came out from behind the rock and stood over the body. The water was bloody. In the Pathan's pocket he found Nair's purse. Inside it were some letters and the bright ribbons of Nair's decorations. Naidu put the purse in his pocket and began firing again raking the body viciously from head to foot. Suddenly the gun stopped, he began to open it when he realised the magazine was empty He picked up the Pathan's gun, the bullets had completely smashed the stock He fled into the jungle.

When he got back to the camp he searched the ground carefully for cartridges, cutting the undergrowth with his bayonet, covering the ground inch by inch on hands and feet. He found nothing.

For the next week he sulked in a cave, too frightened to venture out into the brooding jungle. Then hunger drove him out of his hiding place. One afternoon he discovered his enemies' hiding place. By then he was very weak and could move only with great difficulty. On the mountains the snows were melting and the passes looked passable. For two days he watched hoping for an opportunity to catch the Pathan unarmed. In the nights he lay awake trying to muster courage to attack in the darkness

On the third day a plan began to crystalise in his mind When the Pathan had gone out he painfully climbed a tree and pulled himself along a branch above the little clearing which led to the Pathan's cave. He waited, his long bayonet in his hands.

In the evening the Pathan came back, and walked slowly carrying a jungle rat. He lit a small fire and began skinning the rodent. He seemed to think himself quite safe He swept the clearing carefully and knelt down for his evening prayer From above Naidu waited, watching. He had almost finished when the Madrasee plummetted down, the long knife gleamed in the twilight and sank smoothly into the Pathan's back.

When his trembling had ceased he poked the fire up and ate the flesh, burning it in the flame before tearing at it ravenously. His stomach sickened. He had not eaten for two days.

The next morning he decided to get out of the valley. The snows were still there but melting rapidly. It took him two days to get to the snow line. The Pathan's clothes fitted him well and the cold numbed the pain in his chest so that he made good progress. By afternoon he had reached the pass and the snow-covered peaks towered above him High above, the sun reached its zenith. The snow slid under Naidu's feet. He did not see the avalanche that carried him to the sharp crags below.

THE MOUSTACHE

BY T. P. SUBRAMONIAM AND K. RADHAKRISHNA MENON

T. P. :—Look at his moustache. How I hate it!

K. R. :—Don't be envious; it fits him so well. If you can't grow one on your barren face, why deny the others the pleasure?

T. P. :—What the hell do you mean? If I want one I can have it any time I feel like. But the moustache gives the impression of haughtiness, rowdiness, and I would even say, suggests hooliganism.

K.R. :—What? Do you mean to attribute these 'noble' qualities to some of the greatest men of the world, Mahatma Gandhi, Joseph Stalin, Dr. Miller? May be, you have a prejudice against moustaches in general. Be national, old boy!

T. P. :—But then, the moustache is not a necessary factor in one's greatness. Pandit Nehru doesn't have one, President Truman doesn't like it; and great Dr. Boyd positively hates it. As for being rational, I do have rational arguments against the abominable moustache. First of all, it means the waste of a lot of time for students—irresponsible students spending a considerable amount of their morning time making adjustments and alterations on their moustaches. They can as well spend their time on more useful purposes.

K. R :—I admit it takes a little time to cultivate it and grow it in the proper way according to one's tastes. You shouldn't curse the lovely moustache for the care and attention that it really deserves. On the other hand, to shave off everything just below your nose is really a dangerous job. I would rather allow it to grow as it likes than do me positive harm by cutting my nose and the neighbouring regions.

T. P. :—There lies your mistake. To clear a forest without discrimination is certainly easier than to spare selected trees and shrubs To allow the moustache to grow as it likes is to make an ugly thing uglier. Moreover, when the young adolescents attempt it, it becomes loathful A caterpillar-like thing clumsily crawling above a boy's upper lip! A heterogenous collection of greenish black hair!!

K. R. —Not for a moment do I approve of these young boys attempting the impossible —wasting match-sticks on end, trying to paint something black below the nose. But you shouldn't deny an adult his individual liberty to do whatever he likes with his face That's a challenge to the fundamental rights of man, I won't brook it

T. P. .—Don't make nonsense of individual liberty. Liberty to do whatever one likes with one's face might be driven to its logical conclusion with disastrous consequences. These chaps do not themselves know what is best for them. They should be guided along the right way, the clean way, the moustache-less way. Society rests on the regulation of liberty, not on its 'nonsensification.' If I were at the head of affairs, the first act of mine would be to impose a ban on all moustaches

K. R. :—Don't have funny ideas about yourself. Nobody is going to put you at the head of affairs. Even if the danger materialises it is not you who should sit in judgement upon moustaches; nor for that matter is it any MAN'S business Ask any girl how lovely looks the moustache on her lover's face. It is her it affects most. She will tell you how it tickles her And she alone should have a say in such matters. You shut up

T. P :—What! A chip of a girl to sit in judgment over a man's business!! Curse that day when such a thing happens I stand for the essential superiority of man over woman. It is the man who should judge things and take decisions. All this talk about equality of sexes is sheer nonsense. Those chaps don't have backbones, unable to stand up for their rights.

K. R .—Look round and make sure no girl is around the place Or, she will break you to pieces

T. P. :—What?

K. R :—Your blessed head.

After the class was over, the Lecturer asked a student, 'When I gave the examples of monkey, donkey, etc., why did you mention the name of your neighbour? It is too bad.'

Student.—'Sir, otherwise he would have mentioned my name.'

SHOCK TREATMENT

By M. Premkumar

'A peculiar case,' whispered the nurse, as he ushered him in.

He looked it, every inch of him. In all my forty-five years of experience as a psychiatrist in this hospital, I hadn't seen a man who looked so utterly crumpled and faded and learned and weary. His skin hung on him like a dewlap, his eyes seemed to have turned their gaze inwards, and on his forehead rose wrinkle on wrinkle till it looked like a wavy postmark. 'Must be a professor of philosophy or a hen-pecked husband,' I thought. But I didn't expect him to be another psychiatrist.

'Did he come alone?' I asked the nurse. He smoothed his moustache and reflected. (He is a male nurse of course. You don't put women nurses in mental hospitals—though a good many might get cured in the process).

'His chauffeur brought him to the door' said the nurse 'and he was laughing in his sleeves all the way.'

'What's the trouble?'

'A new type of madness' he said, bursting into laughter 'Ask him.'

'Behave yourself' I said severely: no psycho-analyst can tolerate this sort of inconsiderate attitude towards the insane.

'Oh well' muttered the nurse, shrugging, 'question him, psycho-analyse him, ask him if he loved his mother' he burst into ribald laughter as he went towards the table.

'The impudence!' I muttered to myself. Suddenly the man jumped up and his eyes were staring into mine 'But I *am* mad!' he said in a desperately earnest, high-pitched voice 'I am, I *am* mad, I *know* I am mad, I can *prove* it! I have modified schizophrenia I know———'

'My dear man' I said sternly '*I* am here to tell you whether you are mad or not and whether it is modified or not. Now, please behave sensibly. I may tell you that I am not just an ordinary 'let-me-see-your-tongue' type of doctor, but an experienced psycho-analyst. If you have any derangement, modified or otherwise, I shall certainly—'

'But he is a distinguished psycho-analyst himself!' put in the nurse

'Your name?' I said, ignoring the nurse

For answer he dipped his hands deep into his pocket and excavated a card.

I looked at the card·

H. C. R. Bholanath, M.SC., F.R.P.S., Director, Bodhpuri State Mental Hospital, Bodhpuri.

I stared at the card. I gulped I stared at the card again

'I . . . I am extremely sorry' I began feebly 'I thought you were just another patient'. I extended my hand

'But I *am* insane!' he was insistent and pleading 'Can't you see? . . . . You see how tragic it is, how intolerable . . . . Oh-h' he began to sob almost. Then suddenly he raised his head and gave me a menacing look 'And if you deny it' he said rising 'I shall kick you and thrash you till you get a persecution complex, do you understand?' He looked about him threateningly.

'Sit down and don't be silly' I said. 'Now, what's your trouble?'

He sat back, quivering all over. He had a worried, bitten look. His lips moved incessantly like wax.

'I have obsessions' he whispered 'hideous, nightmarish obsessions!'

'About what?'

'You see . . . you see, I used to examine thousands of people with all sorts of obsessions —— that they had murdered someone, that they would kill themselves some day, that their wives were their husbands —— all sorts. And gradually the horrible obsession crept over me that one day I might myself be raving with some fantastic torturing

obsession and —— suppose I were to think I had killed myself . . . . oh-h-h ' he began to sob softly to himself and his nose whistled as the sobs went up and down.

' Pooh ' I said ' that's nothing. Just an obsesso-obsession, sort of obsession squared. Why, I used to have a complexo-complex myself once '.

' And I have phobias ' he continued dismally.

' What sort? ' I asked, yawning.

He groaned ' That's what worries me ' he mumbled unhappily ' That's what worries me —— what sort? I just sit and think. suppose I were to get afraid of my food! Suppose I were to cease being afraid of my wife! Suppose I —— '.

' It's dis-gusting ' I spat out angrily ' My dear sir, you've gone and tied yourself up into knots and knotted up the knots again. It's the silliest thing I ever heard of! '

He said nothing, he just sat hunched in his chair, examining his nails

' Anything else ' I enquired sarcastically, ' you haven't an Oedipus complex by any chance, have you? '

' Two ' he said briefly.

I felt feverish. ' Don't rave ' I said, fanning myself with my kerchief.

' I had a true father and a foster-father ' he said ' and of course I hated them both.'

' How do you know? ' I said defensively: he seemed to know more than I did

' Of course, I never knew ' he said. ' It was all in the sub-conscious '

' How the blazes then —— '.

' What worries me ' he continued wretchedly, in his thin high-pitched voice ' is that I never saw either of them. My father died a month before I was born and mother put me into a seminary a week before she married the other one '.

I grit my teeth and swore. My breath came in gusts.

' Perhaps ' he said thoughtfully, cocking his head to one side ' perhaps I never had an Oedipus complex at all! Perhaps I was just jealous of all the others who had one Perhaps' he whined almost ' that is what brought me—brought me—to this! I don't know, I don't know, I don't know. . . ' he trailed off miserably

I brought my fist down with a bang. ' Don't be absurd ' I said, furious, ' you *can't* have had an Oedipus complex, or *known* what an Oedipus complex is, or what Oedipus complex envy is. Freud definitely states in his— '

' I tell you I had TWO ' he banged the table in turn ' and when my foster-father married again — '

' You are talking rubbish ' I asserted, at the top of my voice ' Freud has definitely established— '

' Freud, Freud, Freud! ' he screamed: there was a terrible look in his eye. ' Who cares what Freud says? Freud is exploded. Freud is outdated Do you know that the great Jung — '

' Jung! ' I said ' Bah! ' ' Freud ' he shrieked ' is Fraud! '

' And Jung ' I boomed ' is Dung! '

' Freud ' he began again—

Something snapped inside me. I rose and gave him a mighty one on the chin He shrieked and leapt at my neck like a wild-cat. I twisted my neck round and bit off a huge chunk of flesh off his arm It tasted like old chewing-gum and I was chewing it contentedly as we rolled over each other. . .

* * *

When I came to, I found myself strapped to a hospital bed. I had the asylum uniform on, neatly numbered 78 on the chest. The nurse stood grinning behind Then that man walked in.

' What do you remember of your early life? ' he asked, taking out note-book and pencil, ' Come, come, ' he added soothingly, ' I am your friend.'

BOOK REVIEWS

Mahatma Gandhi—An Interpretation by E. Stanley Jones.

This book is another addition to the Gandhian Library. It is written in a spirit of humility, reverence and understanding. Persons who have moved closely with Gandhiji are mostly autobiographical in their writings on him. But this book is amazingly free from the first person singular element. To interpret 'Mount Everest' one must at least have the shadow of it. To understand Gandhiji fully well one must be a little Gandhi, i e. one must have gone through similiar experiences or at least must be rich in experience These qualifications Jones has He sometimes arrives at wrong conclusions when he looks Gandhiji through a 'microscope', but his 'telescopic observations' are invariably correct. There is nothing new in the incidents he has written; but the conclusions he draws from them are unique. Some of the astounding aspects of Mr. Jinnah's character recorded in the book serve as a bold contrast to those of Gandhiji

In one place Jones writes: 'When Gandhiji was touring in Noakali a Muslim came and grabbed the Mahatma by the throat and choked him till he was blue in the face. In the midst of it the Mahatma kept on smiling and even laughing. The absence of resistance and even resentment so unnerved the attacker that he desisted. Later he came and fell at the Mahatma's feet and begged forgiveness for what he had done. The Mahatma carried on as though nothing had happened.' One wishes this were true But it is not so. This incident has been refuted as false by Mr. K. G Mashruwala, Editor, *The Harijan*. Mr. Jones got this from a highly-placed newspaper man! Such are our newspaper men!!

Mr. Stanley Jones cautions the critical man to approach religion not with a sceptic mind but with a faithful heart. Unfortunately while he applies this rule to his own religion, he measures other religions with another yardstick. He boldly affirms that Rama-nam has no intrinsic power. The Hindus firmly believe that it has. The very word Rama means 'one who makes others happy'. Thousands of generations uttering it have added to its original force.

The discussion on whether Gandhiji was more of a Hindu or more of a Christian, I should think, is very unnecessary. Obviously this has led Jones to no conclusion nor has it led us anywhere. This simply gives rise to another kind of controversy. On the whole it adds neither to the glory of Christianity nor to that of Hinduism.

The book is written in a pleasing style. There is the combination of scholarship and careful research with an appealing presentation.

K. SUBRAMANIAM.

An Anthology of American Negro Literature.—Edited by Sylvestre C. Watkins. (Modern Library.)

'I have always thought' says an English bard, 'if Moses was quite the man he was made out to be, he would have prevailed upon the Almighty to add something to the ten commandments against English critics who condemn foreign writers in English'. A study of American Negro Literature and the reception it was accorded from the time the first Negro wrote his first word in English Literature will prove the sheer necessity of the existence of another Moses in modern times. So hard was the strife, the nigger had to fight in the beginning, so impregnable seemed the literary fort for the poor Negro to break in, that stricken with social discrimination and economic injustice, he found it hard to progress in the literary field. The struggle of a people to affirm its own genius has been going on and here we have an anthology of fairly representative American Negro literature of the last decade.

The book has been divided mainly into four sections—short story, essay, autobiography and biography. The short stories on the whole are quite amusing and readable and no reader in my opinion will not be moved by stories like Richard Wright's 'Almos' A Man'. It is the story of a teen-aged Negro boy who begs his mother, earnestly, for a gun which he foolishly tries on the mule of the neighbouring farmer resulting in its death; and the consequences thereof. The childlike simplicity and the vivacious conversation will only endear the Negro boys greatly to the reader.

Essays have been written on a variety of subjects ranging from 'Contemporary Negro Poetry' and 'History of Spiritual' to 'What the Negro Wants' and 'The Negro Press of today.' J. W. Johnson, a Master of Arts of the Atlanta University who has distinguished himself as a writer early in this century traces the history of the 'Negro spirituals'; Alain Locke in his 'The Negro American in Culture' gauges the rising tide of Negro culture and the deep artistic potentialities of Negro art; this, I should think, is one of the best essays in the whole volume. It briefly describes the

> Heart of what slave poured out such melody
> As 'Steal Away to Jesus'? On its strains
> His spirits might have nightly floated free
> Though still about his hands he felt his chains
> Who heard great 'Jordan Roll'? Whose steward eye
> Saw Chariot 'Swing Low'? And who was he
> That breathed that comforted melodic sigh
> 'Nobody knows de trouble I have seen'?

The autobiography section relates the experiences of writers like De Bois, Handy and Johnson 'of what their eyes saw and their ears heard from the Atlantic Coast to the Mississippi Delta Regions in their fight against the white world.' The biography section is comparatively small. Appended to this volume are some biographical notes which, of course are highly necessary for a volume like this.

On the whole the anthology is a fairly good representation of American Negro Literature, interesting and instructive as far as the matter and manner of the work are concerned and the message it carries. But I am not sure whether the title could be fully justified because of the conspicuous absence of a section on Poetry However the book is quite readable and will be appreciated by all those who are not hard pressed for time. Long after reading the book, one, I am constrained to say, cannot fail to hear the flutterings of a suffering people against the prison bars of social inequality and injustice. Regarding the Negro Literature and English Critics, I wish to add what was written in *Punch* the other day, 'It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than to get a foreign writer in English recognised by English Critics.' (destructive critics, of course)

P. V. Jacob.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE COLLEGE PLAY

Journey's End, by R. C. Sherriff,
enacted November 12th, 1949

The college Dramatic Society this year challenged comparison with living professional actors by staging a play which was a successful London play as recently as twenty years ago.

It is a play of great realism. Sherriff wrote what he himself had been through, as he remembered it ten years later And many men of about his age (he was 22 at the end of the First World War, and therefore of the same age as the hero of his play) who during those ten years had hardly allowed themselves to speak of what life in the trenches had been like, hailed this play as a straightforward and direct account of what they had lived through This, his first play, was so successful that Sherriff wrote others, that none of them ran for long seems to show that this play was the success it was not because of the art of the playwright, but because of its realism, because he wrote what he knew.

There was, no doubt, in the 1930's, a fashion for writing stories about war, full of gory and sordid details, as there is to some extent today. But this play is not written for such reasons. It is the real thing.

The college players, and Mr. Macphail who produced the play, are to be greatly congratulated on the conviction with which they put it across, and the clear characterisation of the different parts. It perhaps added to the effect of realism that the actors here were all about the age of most of the characters portrayed. it was the fact that young men no older than many students in the college, in those months of 1918, faced a barrage of death, and held responsibility for the lives of men.

George Isaac acted Stanhope excellently—from his tense pallor as he comes in after inspecting the trenches to his tender affection at the end, as his boyhood friend lies dying. Could he have shown more effectively his suppressed grief at the loss of Osborne, his ablest officer, and staunch and reliable friend? We should see it breaking out more forcefully when the young Raleigh seems to think that *he* feels Osborne's loss more than does Stanhope. But we missed something there by the omission of the earlier scene, and of Stanhope's angry words to the colonel who says of the result of raid 'The Brigadier *will* be pleased!'—pleased at the result of a raid in which one German prisoner has been taken, according to plan, but in which men's lives have been lost. The other players were all good. T. M. P. Nedungadi did well his small part as the captain of the 'other' company, M. Vasanth Kini as the quiet reliable older officer, J. K. Jacob as a less educated man, an efficient and unperturbed officer so long as danger is not too close : we are to deduce that when danger is actually upon him his reactions may be different—he will then be less able to relieve Stanhope of any responsibility. R. G S. Azariah made a fine Raleigh, with schoolboy eagerness and natural admiration for Stanhope. Possibly the most difficult part was done superbly by E. L. Samuels—difficult because we do not expect to see such conduct, which yet he made convincingly real. George M. Thomas as the cook was excellent.

The cutting of the play, which had to be done for this production, left a well-connected story, but made the dug-out in which action takes place a much more isolated place than in fact, or in the original play, it could be. The junior officers there seemed cut off alike from the senior officers and from the men whom they command. The parts of the play that involve the senior officers are the more satirical parts of the play, though even there the play might be said accurately to portray what junior officers, facing death with their men, felt and thought and said about their senior officers.

It was a greater loss perhaps to omit the few short appearances of N.C.O.'s with reports from the trenches.

The scenery effectively showed the restricted quarters of a dug-out, but the noises off were not deafening enough to suggest as they should a bombardment in which the whole system of trenches will be destroyed. The staffs of the Bursar's and the Estate Offices did a great deal of work very cheerfully. Mr. K. M. George and Mr K. T. Thomas were responsible for the sale of tickets and for seating, and valuable help was given behind the scenes by George Timothy (assistant producer) and by Vasant Rai and J. M. Theodore.

The Dramatic Society are to be congratulated on this fine production of a difficult play—a play that fulfils one of the highest functions of drama, that of taking us into the emotions and thoughts of men of another epoch. The actions and reactions of this play, of the First World War, cannot happen again; in the Second World War it was not an army in trenches only, but civilians in cities far from the enemy's lines, who were in front line of attack.

COLLEGE DAY

The College Day was celebrated concurrently with Republic Day on Friday 27th January, 1950.

Mr. O. Pulla Reddi, President of the College Day Association, in a speech proposing Mr. Justice P. Satyanarayana Rao to the chair, gave an able survey of the development through the past century which has led to the birth of the Republic, and the part of the College in it.

Messages were read from Dr. C. R. Reddi, Pro-Chancellor, University of Mysore, from Sir Ahmed Hussein Amin Jung Bahadur, former Chief Secretary to H. E. H. the Nizam's Government, now 82 years of age, and from many others.

Mr. Justice Satyanarayana Rao was a student in the college in 1911, and spoke affectionately of those who had taught him: Dr. William Skinner, Dr. A. G. Hogg, Mr. F. E. Corley and Mr. M. S. Sabhesan. He said that walking round the buildings here made him wish to be a student again in order to be here, but stipulated that Mr. Sanjiva Kamath must also come back, and be monitor of the class again, as he was in 1911.

The Principal then read his report which is printed in this Magazine.

Mr. Justice Basheer Ahmed Sayeed spoke of inauguration of the Republic of India. We must remember with gratitude Mahatma Gandhi who had maintained non-violence, and that India had achieved freedom without so much suffering as some other countries; let us cultivate therefore mutual understanding and the unity of all communities. In response to his speech all stood in honour of the Republic.

Dr A. Krishnaswami proposed the toast of the guests, to which George Isaac replied.

Mr. K. Sanjiva Kamath looked forward to the celebration next year of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the College Day Association, and Mr. Balasingam Satya Nadar proposed a vote of thanks.

NEWS OF OLD STUDENTS

Sir A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar has been elected First Vice-President of the United Nations Economic Social and Cultural Organisation.

Rao Sahib T. N. S. Raghavachari, B.A., Retired Public Health Bacteriologist, formerly of the King Institute, Guindy, has kindly written for us a short story, which is in this number. We should like to have articles from old students every term.

Raja Ramanna, a former student-chairman of the College Union Society, and one of the founders of the College Western Music Society, has returned from London with a research degree in physics, and has been at once appointed to the staff of the Atomic Energy Commission. He has kept up his interest in music, and has found time while in London to take some practice at the Trinity College of Music.

Capt. K. A. Jacob, I.R.S.E., married, on 8th December, the daughter of Rev. K. E. Oommen.

Philip Benjamin married on 16th January the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Mani (Pulimood).

'Rani' Krishnaswamy is engaged to be married to Mr. Ajoy Sirkar, who went to the same sunday school as she, many years ago in Lahore.

K. S Ramamurti while on the staff of the meteorological office in Poona published a number of papers giving some of his statistical researches, dealing particularly with atmospheric pressure over South America, which is known to have a significant correlation with Indian monsoon rainfall He has just been appointed lecturer in mathematics in the Armed Forces Academy, Dehra Dun.

COMMEMORATION DAY

Among the guests at the Commemoration Day were Rev. Dr Sydney Berry, General Secretary of the International Congregational Union, who has just been touring America, Africa and Australia; and Rev. Dr. Henry Lefever, Representative in India of the London Missionary Society.

Numerous guests came in the afternoon of Commemoration Day, and saw the sports: Group-Captain Rajaram, I.A F., Tambaram and three of his officers: Dr R P. Aiyar, Mr Chinnaswamy Iyengar, Mrs. J. P. Manikkam, and others.

HALL REPORTS

BISHOP HEBER HALL

Heber had another thrill this year. But that was not quite unexpected (except, of course, by the Principal.) It came off at the Inter-Hall Sports when our boys put up a plucky fight and snatched off the trophy with their usual glee Our athletes, a motley crowd of hail-fellow-well-met type, were ably captained by George Thomas assisted by Roy Fewkes, the cabinet Secretary and J. B. Joseph, Heber's No. 1 athlete who easily performed his hat trick on that day. We started celebrating the return of the trophy, kicking and bullying each other, singing and shouting with the shield and our warden overheads and his dhotie hurling in the wind. At sing song on the first night, the warden and our sprightly Prof. (C. D.) presented us with an exquisite 'Pranaya Dance' and rumour has gained currency that the pair is seriously contemplating a dancing tour in S. India during the forthcoming summer vacation—a solution to teachers' financial problems and vacation boredom. (This is only a rumour, please don't make advance bookings.) The next night we were conducted en masse to the Tambaram Picture House by our generous and unique warden. Three cheers to him.

The Republic Day was celebrated with Thanksgiving Service and Sermon by Mr. S. P. Adinarayan, in the Chapel, Flag hoisting, by our speaker and a meeting when Mr. K. C. Thomas. Mr. Devanesen and a few student members spoke.

Gandhiji's Death Anniversary, we thought, could not be better celebrated than by feeding the poor at Tambaram; our thanks to all our members who readily agreed to the miss-a-meal programme and most willingly fed the poor ones in our neighbourhood on that day.

The Hall Elections were conducted with the usual fervour and enthusiasm and I congratulate the new cabinet and wish them all good luck in the coming year.

Our Terminal Entertainment, Farewell meeting and Prize distribution are yet to take place and I thank the warden, cabinet and members of the Hall for the unstinted co-operation they gave me in carrying out my work. Also my thanks are due to all our staff members and to Prof. Devanesen in particular, who continues to be the main spring of our life in Heber.

I wish all our departing Heberians, including myself the best of luck in the exam and days to come.

B. H. HALL,
13th February, 1950 } P. V. JACOB
General Secretary.

SELAIYUR HALL

It is but natural that the Hall Day should be a dominating factor in the Hall Report for this term. We had been as usual lucky in getting a charming lady Mrs. Shah Khaleeli to preside over our Hall Day function.

Mrs. Shah Khaleeli fulfilled our ambition all the more by delivering a short and sweet presidential address. It is with pardonable pleasure and justifiable pride that we say, that our Hall Day has been a grand success.

A novel feature of the Hall Day was a one-inch relief map of South India for which we are deeply grateful to Friedmann, Satheesan, Johnson Daniel, G. J. Samuel and a host of anonymous volunteers who did their bit in the most unselfish way.

The tea and dinner arrangements were very ably handled by Bopi, Swamy and party.

For the entertainment, which the critics agreed was indeed of a very high standard, we are thankful to M. V Kini and actors.

I would be failing in my duty if I did not give my congratulations and best wishes to the newly elected members of the Hall Committee.

Last but not least I would like to wish our senior members all the best of luck in their forthcoming examinations.

N. KANNAIYIRAM.

ST. THOMAS'S HALL

Our Hall Day came off on Saturday 28th January with Mr. J. W. D. Locker as the chief guest. On the whole it was a very pleasant and nice evening. The smooth and silent efficiency of every committee was responsible for the all round excellence. Polished and finished, our entertainments were of a high order and I am afraid a bit above the average Tambaram audience usually treated to crude antics and loud jokes The Republic Day was celebrated, our warden hoisting the flag. Afterwards we assembled in the Hall theatre to renew our pledge to the nation.

The presence of sportsmen like George Kuruvilla, C. R. John and A. S. Chandra Pandian (who incidentally is responsible for a couple of new records) and the efficiency and enthusiasm of Mr. V. Hensman did much to change the usual indifferent attitude of the Hall towards sports into unusual fuss. Even the other two Halls were all anxiety about their own chances of winning the shield. In short even though there was nothing to complain about, our Hall, under the able leadership of our out-door games secretary R J. Dominic, adhered strictly to our tradition of coming last in the sports. It is definitely better to stick to old traditions when one cannot create new ones.

The Hall tournaments will be over soon. 'Usha' is getting the final touches at the hands of her competent editors Mr. Sharma and Mr. Rajeeva. Let me take this opportunity to thank all the members for their sincere co-operation and also Dr. & Mrs. Thanga Raj for their unerring guidance.

Farewell to the seniors! Good Luck in their exams!

T. M. PURUSHOTHAM NEDUNGADI,
General Secretary.

GIRL AT THE GATEWAY

CONNEMARA ... 1 APR 1950

N. S. Ramanujachari

PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH IN ST. THOMAS'S HALL EXHIBITION, JANUARY 28TH 1950

SOCIETIES

COLLEGE UNION SOCIETY

You remember, in the last two issues of the Magazine, I had told you of our Inaugural Meeting in August addressed by the Education Minister, our debate on Secular State, our celebration of the United Nations Day on October 24th, and the Inter Collegiate Debate we held on October 27th. And now, let me tell you the rest of the story.

By November, the Constitution of India was nearing the stage of adoption, and so Shri T. T Krishnamachari, member of the Constituent Assembly of India came and addressed a meeting of ours and explained the Constitution.

The Third Term has been our busiest term. Soon after the college reopened, the Hon'ble Shri K. Santhanam, Minister of State for Transport, Government of India, addressed our meeting He spoke on 'Some problems facing the Youth of the Nation' He asked the Youth of India to guard itself against two dangers, the danger of communalism on the Right and that of communism on the Left

On 18th January, we held a Training Debate, and discussed rather vehemently the question of equality between man and woman. The proposition for the day was moved by V. R. Narayanaswami On questions like these, it is thought wise not to reach a definite decision and so we didn't decide one way or the other.

The Union Society, let me remind you, tries to get speakers not merely from India, but also from abroad. From Geneva came the great European thinker, Dr. Visser 't Hooft, Secretary-General of the World Council of Churches who spoke to us, on the 19th January, on 'Asia in Transition.' He had just completed an extensive tour of Asia and so spoke with first-hand knowledge of the recent trends in resurgent Asia.

We in India are striving to build up a sound and stable democracy. The importance of the press and public opinion in a democratic set-up was rightly realised when Shri C. R. Sreenivasan, President of the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference spoke to us, on 23rd January, on 'The Press in a Democracy.'

On 7th February, we held our Valedictory Meeting. Till then we had had only men speakers. So we invited Shrimati C. Ammanna Raja, Deputy Speaker, Madras Legislative Assembly, to give the Valedictory Address. She spoke to us on 'The Position of Women in India and Abroad.'

Thus, you see, we have had meetings addressed by a Minister of the Central Government, a Provincial Minister, a Socialist leader, a Constitutionalist, a Philosopher-theologian, a Journalist, and a Deputy speaker And in addition, we have had a few debates.

In the field of oratorical competitions, we have had a good record, and our Debating Team (see photograph) proved worthy of the trust reposed in it Messrs George Isaac and K George Chacko, won for us the Kasturi Ranga Aiyengar Rolling Cup at the Extempore Contest held by the Y.M I.A., Madras. George Isaac got the Best Individual Cup We won the first place in the Inter-collegiate Debate held by the Government Arts College, and here K. Radhakrishna Menon got the First Individual Prize. Recently we have had yet another triumph, when K. Radhakrishna Menon and K. George Chacko represented the College at the Inter-collegiate Debate held by the A V. Students' Union and annexed the shield, Radhakrishnan got the Individual Cup. The Union Society congratulates the debaters and places on record its appreciation of their work. We have an eye on one or two more shields, and I shall let you know if we get them.

Some attempts at bringing together the representatives of the various Colleges in Madras were made this year, in order to promote greater unity and fellowship. The

Chairmen and Secretaries of the College Unions used to meet together, have tea and at times some useful discussion. The scheme of forming a National Union of Students, in which membership will be through College Unions, came up in the Second Term for our consideration. The Union Society agreed to the scheme in principle. A Provincial Committee was constituted in Madras. Much has yet to be done and it is up to our junior members to make the scheme a success next year.

On the whole, I think, we have had a good and active year. I take this opportunity to express my profound sense of gratitude to our President, Rev Dr. Boyd, for his invaluable advice and guidance. Our Vice-President, Shri A. S Krishnamoorthy has been of considerable help to me and my thanks to him. George Isaac, who adorned the office of the Student-Chairman with dignity, has done full justice to his office. With a note of gratitude to him and to all members of the Society, I conclude this year's report and lay down my office.

Cheerio !

T. P. SUBRAMONIAM,
Secretary.

RURAL SERVICE LEAGUE

These rather formal reports tend to conceal the human element in our work. So we begin the last report for this year with an incident which reveals the pathos of village life. It was Monday the 30th of January—the day of Gandhiji's death anniversary. In each of the three Halls the dining rooms were crowded with villagers from Old Tambaram. In the Heber dining room one of the village women seeing the President standing there came up to him and said, 'Aiya, five months ago some of your students who came to the village took a photograph of my two sons. Since then the younger one has died. Could you get me a copy of that photograph so that I may see my little one again ' We were not able to give that sorrowful mother the comfort of a definite answer as we do not know who took the photograph. We hope that the student who took the photograph will get into touch with us if he sees this in our magazine.

The most encouraging feature of our work this term is the way in which the villagers, particularly the boys and younger men, have begun to support us. These close and friendly relations make the work all the more pleasant. As we had hoped the school is becoming the central point around which many of our other activities revolve.

The school has continued to record progress. Sri W.S. Krishnamurti, the Deputy Inspector of Schools, has given us every encouragement and help. He has become a friend of the League and is a very acceptable speaker at our meetings in the village. All the necessary formalities have been gone through now and the school will shortly become a state-aided institution under our management. We now have two trained and two untrained teachers. A monthly meeting is held with the teachers at which school problems are discussed. In this way the teachers are being helped to see what they can do for the village and its improvement. All our teachers are members now of the Elementary Teachers' Association and attend the monthly meeting called together by the Deputy Inspector. Our President attended the February meeting by special invitation and spoke about how elementary education and university education are organically related. The League hopes to be host to the teachers at their meeting in March. The annual School Day is to be held on the 22nd February and we are looking forward to it with great expectations. Dr. Boyd will preside and the chief guest will be Lt. Col. M. A. Hamid Joint Director of Public Instruction, who has been helpful to us.

The villagers and our workers joined together in celebrating the inauguration of the Indian Republic. We assembled in front of the school and then went in procession through the village. The village youth shouted, 'Long live the Indian Republic' 'Long live the tiller of the soil,' 'Down with poverty,' and 'Down with ignorance.' We then ascended the hill overlooking the village and hoisted the flag there. Returning to the school again re-

freshments were distributed to the children. The same night the Valibhar Sangham put on a Tamil play entitled 'Return from prison' produced by Paul Jayaraj. A colourfully decorated stage had been erected with furniture kindly lent by Corley High School. The proceedings began with a short meeting and among the speakers were M. K. Thavaraj, Sri Rajendran, Sri Dhanapal and Sri W. S. Krishnamurti. A fair number of our students were also present. The villagers were very taken up with the drama as it was the first time they had seen their own boys plan and carry out such a performance.

Gandhiji's death anniversary was observed with reverence by the villagers who were reminded of his wonderful, practical life and the noble cause to which he dedicated his years. Sivaramalingapillai was the speaker at the meeting held that night.

Adult Education Week was observed by the League from the 3rd—8th February. The secretary of the League was one of the speakers at the main public meeting presided over by the Collector of Chingleput in Corley High School and Sivaramalingapillai was deputed to speak for us at a similar meeting held at St. Thomas's Mount A special meeting was held in the village under our auspices presided over by Sri Kanakaraj Elias, Headmaster, Corley High School. The speakers were Sri P. Alalasundaram Chettiar of our College and Sri W. S. Krishnamurti.

As can be seen from this report the Valibhar Sangham has been very active this term. A monthly meeting is held with them to help them to make their programme of activities.

A quiet and unostentatious piece of service is the medical work which continued uniterrupted under the leadership of A J Sampath.

I must conclude this report with my sincere thanks to all who helped with the work of the League this year—those who helped with the Annual Entertainment particularly George Isaac, all our village workers, and even our monthly subscribers whose help counts. Sri Arumugam from Old Tambaram has been a tower of strength to us in all our activities. Our patron, Dr. Boyd, has always been sympathetic and considerate. I must not fail to mention my gratitude to our President, Mr. Devanesen, for being one with us in all our endeavours.

V. PONNAMPALAM,
Secretary.

CHRISTIAN UNION

This term began in a most usual way. In spite of previous predictions that at least in the last term of the year there will be breathing space between the major activities of the Union one was surprised to find that all kinds of functions were crowded together into the narrow span of a little more than two months. I will recount them one by one.

First there was the 'College Pudding'—a highly delusive term. If you go there 'to prove the pudding by its eating' you will be mistaken. Instead you will find yourself placed before an array of carefully arranged items of a variety entertainment furnished by different colleges. Our College staged two short sketches which were highly appreciated. 'Birds of a feather' was keeping pace with the required standard and shows a genial bishop Those of you who did not go to the 'pudding', missed 'The Spanish Tragedy' this time acted by our 'senior friends' to whom the College has given the recognition of staff-members.

Then comes the S V M U. week-end which is yet to take place. Pammal, the Rural Service centre of our area, has become the resort of many students who are thinking in terms of deciding their vocation either for missionary evangelism or for Christian rural action. The two days that we spent there, hemmed in among the tragic conditions of a very untypical Indian village will go a great way in giving us a vision of the possibilities of rural development and it will strengthen our vision if we already have one.

Thirdly we have the week of witness which also is yet to come. We send witnessing-teams to different City Colleges, to the Medical College at Vellore and to Annamalai University. Also we receive into our

midst groups from some of these fellow unions. Witnessing forms a very important item of the activities of the Student Christian Movement.

Lastly there is the Universal Day of Prayer. The area S.C.M. arranges a special Service in connection with this. Also different preachers are sent out from among our members to the various congregations in the city on a Sunday to bring the congregations into touch with the ecumenical aspect of the movement.

Coming back to the works that particularly belong to our Union we present this brief report about our Sunday Schools, S.V.M.U., R Sq. and Drama Group Our Union runs about eight Sunday Schools in Tambaram and in the immediate surroundings. I envy the Tamil-knowing members of our Union for their exclusive possession of this particular field. The S V.M.U had quite a normal time and it is with extreme pleasure that we announce that some of our members have decided to sign the missionary pledge. There is nothing worthy of special mention about the R. Sq apart from the fact that two of its members formed the Student Community of Pammal. Our Drama Group arranged a trip to Vellore and staged the 'Pagoda Tree' for their Religious Drama Festival.

This was a normal year with a routine life and action. We did not have any extra-territorial Conference of the kind of the Tambaram Triennial Conference of 1948 or South-East Asia Conference at Kandy of 1949. Neither did we have any visitors of the rank of Phillippe Maury from the Federation.

This is an occasion of praise and thanksgiving. The Lord was with us and guiding us throughout the year. We are grateful to Him.

K. M. Mathew,
General Secretary.

ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

At this moment of stock-taking, we feel that modesty should not prevent us from being happy and moderately self-congratulatory. True we cannot brag about many meetings or many distinguished authorities invited from outside. What we are happy about is the fact that we have been able to maintain the harmonious blend of academical and personal spirits among the students.

We are looking forward to the valedictory meeting of the Association where many jokes will be cracked to cover up the extreme sentimentalism natural to such meetings.

M Unnikrishnan,
A. Kanakathungam.

THE ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

Another year has come to an end. When we look back to August 9, 1949, when Dr R. N. Poduval, M A., M.Sc (Lond), Ph.D. (Lond.), inaugurated this year's activities, and to the days that followed, we feel that we have reason to be happy. Not only did we see to it that this year the valedictory meeting did not coincide with the inaugural, but also held two meetings in between The first of them was on September 6, 1949. Mr. C. W. B. Zacharias of the University of Madras spoke to us on the 'Role of Foreign Capital in India' After this meeting there was a lull (but for some seminars).

The third term opened with a great disappointment for us. Prof. A W Ashby, the eminent agricultural economist from Oxford, was to have addressed our Association on January 4, 1950. But owing to some unavoidable reasons the engagement had to be cancelled.

But February was a much better month for us. The lull was broken on February 8, 1950 by Dr. A Krishnaswami, M.A, Ph.D, Bar-at-Law. He spoke to us on 'Economic Policies and Economic Follies—Whither are we Drifting?', and posed the question if the policies of the Government of India were anything but follies

Our Valedictory Meeting was held on February 10, 1950. We were extremely fortunate to hear Dr. P S Lokanathan, Executive Secretary of the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, deliver the Valedictory Address.

He spoke on 'International Aid for Economic Development.' And with that our activities of the year formally came to a close.

Besides these meetings we had a good number of seminars. We heard some of our 'brilliant' members read papers on various topics of interest and importance like the Dollar Crisis and Devaluation, the Banking Bill, the theory of Rent, the theory of Profits, and Keynesean Economics. On November 18, 1949 the History and Politics Association and the Economics Association came together for the first time in their annals to hold a seminar under joint auspices Mannarkrishnan, Hons V, Br. iii, read a paper on 'Our Constitution' and the historians and the economists of the College discussed thoroughly the main features of our constitution.

Without restricting themselves to the activities of this Asssociation our members played a very significant part in the various other fields of activity. Two of our outstanding members occupied with honour the offices of the Chairman and the Secretary of the Union Society, George Isaac and T. P. Subramoniam. The College Union Society Debating Team was drawn entirely from our Association Our Chairman, K. Radhakrishna Menon, George Isaac, T P Subramoniam and K. George Chacko, the members of the team, won laurels for the College and for themselves in the various Inter-collegiate Debates held in Madras.

With the hearty and enthusiastic cooperation of our President, Student-Chairman, class representatives and the members at large we have succeeded in doing all that we have done. Thanks to them all! CHEERIO!

S. VAMADEVAN,
Secretary.

HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION

In the excursion we had to the historic Mahabalipuram on 5-11-49 the following staff members took part: Prof Chandran Devanesen, M.A., Prof. Titus Verghese M.A., Mr. Chandrasekaran, M.A., and Mr. Sargurudas, M.A., M.Ed. Some of the photographs taken on the occasion appear in this magazine

Our Association excelled other Associations in celebrating Pandit Nehru's 61st Birthday; Prof. Chandran Devanesen presided. Many speakers turned up to pay their homage to Panditji. Some described him as the light of Asia, some as an ideal politician But all agreed that he is a champion of freedom

During the first week of December we had a seminar on the 'New Constitution of India' under the joint auspices of the Economic and History Associations. There was lively discussion on the subject.

On January 26th, 1950, we arranged a meeting, when Sardar K. M. Panikkar agreed to address us, but he disappointed us and we had to take an apology before the large audience. Later he agreed to come on another occasion, but owing to some unavoidable circumstances we could not invite him again. We had the photograph of our Association taken on 9-2-1950

We had our valedictory function on 14th February 1950

I thank all the members of the Association for the kind co-operation given to me in making the Association a success.

N. S. KUPPURAJU,
Secretary.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

President—Dr. J. P. Joshua, M A, Ph.D.
Vice-President—Mr. Giles Lal, B.Sc. (Hons.)
Secretary—John Ninan
Treasurer—Joseph Thambiah
Class Representatives
E G. Silas—V B Sc Hons., Br v.
M. I. Thomas—IV B Sc Hons., Br. v.
P. I Thampi—III B.Sc. Hons., Br. v.
C. Adhesan—IV B.Sc., Br v.
George Verghese—III B Sc, Br. v.
E. Canagalingam—IV B Sc, Br iv.
C V. Lucas—III B.Sc, Br. iv.
J. Rudra—II-U C
George Thomas—I-U.C.

At the inaugural meeting on 26th August Dr. N. K. Panikkar, M.A., D.Sc., of the

Central Marine Fisheries, spoke on the 'Regulation of fluid content in marine animals', giving an expert opinion, as to how those innumerable organisms solve the problem. 'Water, water, everywhere but not a drop to drink'

The exquisite slides, and that formidable weapon of every professional naturalist—the epidiascope—added a note of grandeur to the whole proceedings.

Our President Dr J. P. Joshua, M.A., Ph.D., presided—and as usual with his spirit of inducive magnetism added lustre to the occasion.

The early weeks of the second term, saw the members busy with the Natural Science Exhibition and Excursions Dredging and other activities, could not be held unfortunately.

At the beginning of this term the Executive body met and chalked out a definite programme. On 20th January Dr. Dharmaraj, M.A. Ph.D., Professor of Genetics in Government Veterinary College, honoured us with a lecture on 'Effect on embryonic development of fertilization with a stale sperm'.

Thanks to the increasing enthusiasm of the members a series of colloquiums was held.

V. Rajendren, IV Hons., Br. v, gave us an illuminating account of the poisonous snakes of South India George Phanuel, Final Hons., presided

On 1st February, A. Satyanarayanan 4th Hons, Br. v, spoke about 'The Insect World'. Mrs G Ernest, Final Hons, presided.

In the last Colloquium for the year N V. Krishnan IVth Hons. Br v, spoke on the 'Lysenko controversy'. N. Mahadevan, Final Hons, presided.

Perhaps the most significant event for the members this term was the valedictory meeting 'After a grand tea—and discussion about various topics pertaining to the Society—Mr Srivatsa B sc. of the Central Polytechnic addressed the gathering. The Vice-President proposed the vote of thanks.

I take this opportunity, to extend my heartfelt thanks, to the President and Vice-President for their interest, help and sincere guidance on every occasion. I also thank the patrons and executive members for their unstinted *co-operation* and encouragement.

We look forward to a year of buzzling activity and sincere work.

JOHN NINAN,
Secretary.

THE PHILOSOPHY ASSOCIATION

The valedictory meeting of the Philosophy Association (for this year) was held on Wednesday 8th February 1950 in the Bishop Heber Hall Theatre. Dr. G D Boaz, M.A., D.PHIL., Reader in Psychology, University of Madras spoke. Rev. V. M. Thomas, M.A., presided. At this meeting the secretary read the annual report of the activities of the association for the academic year 1949-50.

The work done in the first term has already been reported in the September number of this year's College Magazine

In the second term we held five meetings. On 14th October 1949 Miss I. Wilhelmsson of the final year post-graduate Philosophy class read a paper on 'Pharisaic and Christian Ethics.' The staff chairman, Rev. V. M. Thomas, presided. On 26th October Dr. V. A. Devasenapathy, M.A., PH.D., Lecturer, Pachaiappa's College, spoke on 'God in Indian thought'. Miss Wilhelmsson presided. Brother J. C. Plott of the Tirupattur Ashram read an essay on 'Secularism at the cross-roads' on 3rd November and at this meeting the staff chairman presided. On 8th November Mr Janardana Bangara of the 5th Hons. Philosophy class read an essay *entitled* 'Indian Philosophy.' The student chairman presided. The last meeting of the second term was held on 23rd November when Dr. T. M P. Mahadevan, Head of the Department of Philosophy, University of Madras spoke on 'The State of Philosophy in America.' Rev. V. M. Thomas presided.

In the third term we held four meetings including the valedictory meeting. On 11th January 1950 we had two speakers, Bhikkhu Somananda of the Maha Bodhi Society and the Rev. Dharmajyoti of the Sarnath

Mutt. Both of them spoke on 'Buddhism.' Miss Wilhelmsson presided. On 18th January Dr. B. Kuppuswamy, Head of the Department of Psychology, Presidency College, spoke on 'The Psychology of Non-Violence.' Prof. S. P. Adinarayan presided. The last ordinary meeting of the association was held on 23rd January when Dr. Nagaraja Sarma, Professor of Logic, Government Arts College, gave a talk on 'Some Trends in Indian Philosophy'. He also presented the association a copy of his pamphlet, 'Indian Misrepresentation of Indian Philosophy'. Rev. V. M. Thomas presided at this meeting.

We had a happy, though crowded, year. We held altogether 12 meetings one general body meeting and a committee meeting.

E. R. GOPINATH,
Secretary.

FINE.ARTS SOCIETY

With the kind co-operation of the members at last we were able to arrange a grand dance performance during this term. The members day was celebrated and on the occasion Mr. R. Krishnamurthy (*Kalki*) presided. The new star, Kumari Vyjayanthimala, gave a grand dance recital. She also entertained the members with her silver tone. She was given the title 'Nrityakala Ranjani' by *Kalki* on behalf of our Society. On that day Vedachallam and his Orchestra accompanied the young artiste. We must be really proud of the fact that Vedachallam the creator of the excellent tunes was one of the old students of our College High School. Mr. Hiralal to whom we must mention our special thanks has trained the artist in an excellent manner

Before the end of this term we hoped to have one more performance. This year the society was active to the very extreme.

We must thank our president Dr. Thangaraj who has done a great deal to make our society function so well

May we take this opportunity in thanking Dr Thangaraj, our treasurer, committee members and all the other members who made our society an example worth following. We must not forget at this moment the various artistes who delighted us by their brilliant performances.

P. K. BALASUBRAMANIAN,
K. BHASKARAN, *Treasurer.*
V. N. SAMA RAU, *Secretaries.*

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

A notable event that took place this term was the lecture given by Prof. Bernal, F.R.S., of London University on 'the Physical Basis of Life'. It was an interesting lecture even though much of it was pure armchair speculation. As he was in a great hurry to leave for his next scheduled lecture in the University Buildings he did not have time to answer questions from the small audience.

K. CHELLAPPA PILLAI,
Secretary.

PHYSICS SOCIETY

(ANNUAL REPORT)

The Inaugural Meeting of the Physics Society was held only late in the first term; Dr Gopalakrishnamoorthy, Head of the Department of Physics, Presidency College, addressed us on the 8th September 1949. His talk on Cosmic Rays gave a clear and comprehensive review of the history and present day standing of the subject, and was greatly appreciated by the rather meagre audience. Dr. M. A. Thangaraj presided.

On the 18th October, Dr. Thangaraj lectured to us on Nuclear Physics in the second meeting, the first of the new term. His talk gave us a good review of the progress made in nuclear work, especially in the earlier days of the subject, when all was still conjecture.

For the next meeting, Dr. P. S. Srinivasan of our College, gave us a review of the state of affairs leading up to the need, and expression of the theory of relativity. The first part of the lecture was delivered to a record audience on November 21st, while the second part followed on November 23rd. This lecture was intended as a non-technical introduction to a series of

talks on relativity, and as such did its intended job thoroughly.

Owing partly to the many activities in the first few weeks of the third term, the Relativity lectures were only resumed on February 6th, when the first part of the talk, Relativity in Classical Mechanics was given It dealt mainly with some mathematical aspects of Newtonian Mechanics.

The second part of the lecture, dealing with the mathematical aspects of Lorentz transformations, was delivered on the 10th of February. With this lecture the series was completed.

It is hoped to hold a further meeting and a Valedictory meeting before the close of the term

G. Friedmann

ANDHRA BHASHABHIRANJANI SANGHAMU

It gives me immense pleasure to say, with all sincerity, that this year has been a very successful one in all respects. We had very interesting debates to the success of which our members remarkably contributed, sometimes at very short notice. We had the good opportunity of listening to well-known poets like Sri Devalapalli Krishna Sastri Garu and popular journalists like Sri Neelamraju Venkata Seshayya Garu.

Our debating team while triumphantly representing our College and Sangham in the Inter-Collegiate debates and oratorical contests won individual cups and medals on several occasions. M. Radhakrishna Sarma has won individual prizes in the Y.M. I.A. oratorical contest held in Gokhale Hall, in the University Inter-collegiate debate held in Pachaiyappa's College, and in the English oratorical contest held by Vivekananda Library Y. Venkata Reddy and N S. Kuppa Raju have represented our College in the Inter-collegiate debate held in Telugu recently at Pachaiyappa's College and we are glad to announce that Y. Venkata Reddy has won the Best Speaker Cup.

The valedictory address of our Sangham will be delivered by Sri Vavilala Gopalakrishnayya Garu, when Sri C. V. Hanumantha Rao Garu, Editor of 'Indian Republic' will preside.

The Secretary and I heartily thank Messrs P. R. P. Francis, M A. and A. C. Kamakshi Rao, B A., B O.L., the President and the Vice-President, Mr. G. V. Narapa Reddy, our student-chairman, the members of the executive committee, and all the members of the Sangham for the hearty co-operation and encouragement, we have received from them. We express our gratitude to Mr. A. S. Krisnamoorthy, M.A., M.SC., the Vice-President of the College Union who took special interest in the activities of our Association.

C. V. Narayana Rao,
Asst Secretary.

HINDI PREMI MANDALI

A meeting was held on July 13th at 5 p.m. and the following were elected as office-bearers for 1949-50.

President.—Mr. Kamakshi Rao, B.O.L.

Student Chairman.—Vasanth Kini.

Secretary.—T. A Bhaskaran.

Vasanth Kini was re-elected as the student chairman for the current year. Four representatives from each of the classes were also elected. With the new academic year we found a substantial increase of members from classes I and III.

The inaugural meeting was held on August 31st in the Selaiyur Hall Theatre. Mr. Vasanth D. Puranik delivered the address and Mr. Ragurar Dayal Misra, of the Dakshin Bharath Sabha, presided on the occasion. Mr. Puranik urged the students to pay great interest to learning Hindi which is our National Language The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks by the secretary.

A debate was held during the second term and the subject was 'Is non-violence a mighty weapon for the preservation of peace?' All the members enthusiastically took part in the debate

We hope to have our Valedictory meeting by the end of February.

I extend my gratitude to Mr. Kamakshi Rao for his untiring efforts and the co-operation he has given, in making this year an energetic and bright one. I also wish all

the senior members who will be leaving college this year, the best of luck in all their endeavours. It is my earnest hope that the future members of this Association will show an inflexible interest in the 'Mandali' and should prove themselves to be in no way inferior to their predecessors.

T. A. BHASKARAN,
Secretary

MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

The Association resumed its activities in the third term with a meeting on 19th January 1950. Mr. KAROOR NEELAKANDA PILLAI, the famous story writer, gave a very interesting talk. Mr. K. M. George, M.A. presided on the occasion.

We were able to conduct a competition in essay and short story writing Out of the good number of the Competitors, Mr. N. K Parameswaran Nair (Senior B.A.), came out first in the former and Mr. Sankaran Kutty Nair (III Hons) in the latter.

The Association contributed two items for the benefit performance held under the auspices of the Engineering College Malayalee Association; our contributions were specially appreciated.

It is hoped to hold the Valedictory meeting, within a week. Before that an elocution competition will be conducted. The prizes will be awarded to the winners in all competitions in the Valedictory meeting.

Kairalee Kumari, the organ of the Association, is in the process of completion. We hope to distribute it to our members in due time.

In concluding I must express my appreciation for all the co-operation I have received from the members during my term of office. I must thank Messrs. K. M George, M.A., and Vidwan P R Varier, B.O.L. for the interest they have taken in the Association I express my gratitude to the president Mr. M. S. Samuel, M A. for the help and guidance

Farewell to the Seniors! and Good Luck in your exams.!

P. G. JOHN,
Secretary.

SANSKRIT SAMAJAM

Since our last report we have had two meetings—one in the second term addressed by Mr T. V. Ramanujaswamy of Government Arts College, Madras. He gave us an interesting lecture on the 'Functions of Government as found in Raghuvamsa'.

The second meeting was more important. During the last days of the Second Term, we were preparing for the Inter-collegiate Competition in Sanskrit—Recitation of Poetry and Mono-acting, the contest was to come off this term Notices were sent to various city Colleges asking them to send two students each for Recitation and Mono-acting.

The contest was conducted on 17th January 1950 in Room No. 11, Arts Building at 5 p m. Presidency, Loyola, and Vivekananda Collages took part. We are sorry to note that our College was not represented. The judges were Dr V. Raghavan, M.A, Ph D, Mr. A. C. Kamakshi Rao, B O L. and Mr. V. N. Vaidyanathan of Corley High School, Tambaram.

The first prize for Individual Recitation and Mono-acting was given to Mr V. N. Vaidyanathan of Vivekananda College The performance of Mr. M Balasubrahmanyam of Presidency College was commendable. The Pennathur Visalakshi Cup for which the contest was held was awarded to the Presidency College Team.

Dr V Raghavan then gave some hints how the contest could have been held better. He was sorry that the contest was a poor show, which, he said, was due to the lack of interest in the language.

Then a condolence resolution on the death of Sri R. S. Venkatarama Sastry, a famed scholar and Lecturer in Sanskrit, in the Vivekananda College, was passed, all standing

Mr U. Venkatakrishna Rao, Lecturer in Sanskrit and President of the Sanskrit Association, proposed a vote of thanks.

I take this opportunity of thanking all the members of the Association for the co-operation they were able to give me I wish all the senior members success in the ensuing examinations and request the

juniors to pay more attention to Sanskrit and give it its due prominence.

S. KRISHNAMOORTHY SASTRY,
Secretary.

TAMIL SANGAM

The Ilango Adikal Day was celebrated on 10th November '49, when Thirumathi Rajamani Ammaiar, M.A., L.T., M.E.S., Professor in Tamil, Queen Mary's College, spoke on the poet Ilango. The Student Chairman presided.

On the 18th November, a special meeting was conducted under the presidentship of Thiru Srinivasa Raghavan, M.A., Professor in English, Vivekananda College. Thiru Rajagopalachariar spoke on 'Kambar and Life.'

In the Inter-Collegiate Music competition conducted by the Pachaiyappa's College, Thiru Sama Rao and M. E Subramanyam represented our College; and we are proud to announce that they have won the Rolling Cup, the former having got the individual second prize

The 'Ramachandran Cup' oratorical competition in Tamil, was held on 19th January in which 16 students participated. Thiru M. K. Thavaraj, Sivaramalingam and Nageswaran got the first, second and third prizes respectively.

The Inter-Collegiate oratorical competition in Tamil for the award of Pennathur Seshaiya Rolling Cup, was held on 24th January. The students representing the Presidency College won the Rolling Cup. Thiru Abusali of the Government Arts College and Thirumathi Ananda Nayaki of the Presidency College were awarded the individual medals.

The 63rd anniversary of Tamil Sangam was successfully celebrated on the first February '50. Thiru C. N. ANNADURAI, M.A., (Editor, 'Dravida Nadu' and 'Malai-Mani'), the Demosthenes and Cicero of South India, spoke on 'Accham'. Thiru T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A., was in the chair The drama 'Kalidasan', was enacted on the occasion. The Sangam is thankful to Thiru Syed Khadir, Md Yussuff, M. Krishnan and all others who took part in it.

I thank Thiru P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M A, the patron and Thiru T. K. Gopala Iyer, B A, the President, Ramalingam and M. S. Asirvatham who have all actively helped me in making the activities of the Sangam a great success this year

S. JAYASANKARAN,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

CRICKET

We completed the league fixtures for the year with our match against the Madras Medical College. The Medicoes, who were heading the championship table, were expected to provide us with stiff opposition but the match turned out to be quite an ordinary affair when we beat them by more than a hundred runs. Having hit up a good total of 234 for 5 wickets, we sent the Doctors in who were all out for only 130 runs The victory was mainly due to our young Balakrishnan who bagged 5 wickets for 21 runs.

The all-important festival game with the 'Old Boys' which we usually look forward to, as much as the Old Boys themselves, was played on February 4th The Old Boys who always prefer to bat first, fortunately won the toss. They put on a good total of 190 runs for which Messrs. K. S. Ranga Rao and R Ganesan were mainly responsible. Suriyanarayanan for the present boys, bowled well to take 5 wickets for 18 runs.

The present boys ran a creditable race against the clock and won the match in the last over of the day. Gopinath 100 (retired) and Cyril Philip 61 not out, were the chief scorers for the present boys.

We have come to the end of the season and we are glad to record that we are only 2 points less than the champions. I have had the pleasure of leading a very happy and keen team of cricketers. I thank every member for their kind co-operation extended to make the Season a grand success.

Au Revoir

C. D. GOPINATH,
Captain.

BASKET BALL

We opened this term with a match against Stanley Medical College in the Semi-final Round of the Knockout Tournament. The game was quite a close fight and we won with the score board at 48-41. The brilliant understanding and superb team-work on our side was responsible for this victory.

This victory led us on to the finals of the Knockout Tournament against Madras Medical College. The best Collegiate Team in Madras, they won a deserved victory. Yet it may be worth mentioning, that at half time the score was 8—7, in our favour. Their superiority in quick passes and split second timing held us at bay and we lost the game by 15 points.

I cannot forget at this moment the efforts of all the members of our team. It was their co-operation outside and inside the game that led us on to most of our victories. May I also thank Dr. Thangaraj and Mr. C A. Abraham for their friendly advice and assiduous coaching.

C A. ALEXANDER,
Captain.

FOOTBALL

A noteworthy activity of the term was when one evening our team awaited the Loyola College side, to play the league fixture Something was wrong somewhere and it was certainly a diappointment to us However, we would gladly have them here another day.

Our neighbours Indian Air Force (TAMBARAM) came over to beat us 3—2 in a very fast and clean game As agreed earlier we expect to fulfil a return fixture on their grounds sometime this month We are also planning to invite our 'OLD BOYS' for a game.

It has been observed that as the third term commences many games die away. True there are other sporting engagements in the final term but each game will have to be kept alive. It is often asked why there are no competitions on an Inter-Hall basis in games like Football, Hockey, and Cricket. If the Athletics and Basketball do create among the members of the Halls, a healthy rivalry and keen enthusiasm, why

is it not extended to other games as well? Are we not in a position to introduce more competitions and raise our standard of the College in all the games?

Yes we are coming to a close in the league season. Though we have not been able to reach the top in the league we were placed considerably higher in the table than last year. We also proved that we are keen rivals in the Wilson Cup Tournament by being runners-up to the Pachaiyappa's College.

Throughout the year we played like a happy family and displayed true Sportsmanship on and off the field. For this I am thankful to all the members of the side who helped me in my mission of leading the team. Thanks are due to our vice-Captain Canagalingam, who helped me immensely.

I have summed a 'who's who' of the Team and I hope you readers will like it.

E. CANAGALINGAM. Custodian. Claims many years of service in the team. He is clever and agile and rises to lime light often. Best in the city colleges today. Vice-Captain of the College and the University.

P. C. GEORGE Full back. Second year in the team, resourceful player Certainly a tower of strength Uses both feet well Member of the University team.

K. C. CHERIAN. Full Back. New comer to the side Wiry build. Good tackler. A useful find of the season.

P. S. GEORGE. Second year in the team. Plays like a veteran. Untiring player. Is a good foiler of all opposing attack Plays left half.

THOMAS VERGHESE. Centre half. The only other member playing for the fourth year. Capably filled the role of centre-half. Very persevering player. Captain of the side.

EAPEN ABRAHAM. Right half. With the whistle off he goes and plays a steady game throughout. Is a real menace to the charging forward. 2nd year in the team.

GANGADHARAN. Left extreme. Though not very speedy he is sure and accurate in his centerings Showed good form throughout. 2nd year in the team.

C. R. D. JAMES. Clever dribbling is his forte. Played for the University this year. Amusing to watch him doing his acrobatics. Main scorer of the side. 2nd year in the team.

VIJAY RAGHUNATH. CENTRE FORWARD. New comer to the team. Possesses good thrust and speed. Opportunist.

E. J MATHEW. Versatile player. Plays RIGHT-IN. Fast forward with grit and determination. Favourite of the side. 2nd year in the team.

CHARLES VERGHESE. Very persevering player. 3rd year in the team. Plays outside right. Swift down the line he centres well. Popularly known as 'Charlie' he serves us with music and fun on our away matches.

C. JOHN, DANIEL VERGHESE and K. V. OOMMEN. Occasionally represented the College and helped the side a good deal. They are all new comers and they should be useful members to the team next year.

Adieu!

THOMAS VERGHESE,

Captain.

HOCKEY

The last term's report gave quite a good account of our splendid performance in all the matches. With good team work we have been able to do quite well in the league (but please do not ask where we stand!!) I think with little more effort and a bit more of talent we could have walked away with the Championship. But there is always the deciding factor of luck.

Though we have not had many matches this term, we have been relaxing our stiffened muscles on the pretext of practices. The one League match that we played was against Loyola and they happened to be the fortunate victors. Our players did their best and in spite of our great efforts we just managed to lose by 3 goals (to nil) Another League match was to be played against the Presidency College but due to unforeseen reasons it has been cancelled.

Before closing I think I should thank all the members of the team for the hearty cooperation they have lent throughout this academic year. It has been a very successful and enjoyable year where fun and 'team-

spirit' were concerned. While wishing the out going students—Jacob George and S. Clarke good luck I am fully convinced that Mr. Hensman, Fewkes, Philip Royan, Selvaraj, Bonjour, Alwar-Naidu, Kushalappa, Packianathan and Kuttaiah will prove to be assets in the hockey team next year. I am sure they will lead us from 'victory to victory' and if I may be optimistic I think we are well on the way to carry away the League Championship. Before closing I should not fail to thank our President Prof. Chandran Devanasen for his keen enthusiasm and our Secretary Mr. C A. Abraham for his untiring efforts.

SUNDAR CLARKE,
Vice Captain.

VOLLEY BALL

The volley ball season has come to an end. Throughout the season we have been tossing the ball up and down and proceeding from one victory to another, playing the game both for its sake and with an eye on winning

This year saw the introduction of the Volley Ball Knockout Tournament for the first time. By sheer tenacity and brilliance of play we reached the finals to be unfortunately beaten by the Lawyers who got beaten by us in the League matches. Had it not been for some of our players being in poor form, we would have won a smashing victory over them as we did in the League Tournament

The League Tournament has also come to an end and it gives me great pleasure to add that this time also for the 3rd year in succession we are retaining the Trophy, though unfortunately the Trophy is being shared by the Lawyers too.

Out of the 10 matches we played in the League Tournament we had easy victories over nine of them with but one defeat at the hands of the Madras Medicals.

I would like to mention a few words about the team players. It gives me great pleasure to note that Balarama Menon, by his outstanding play in all the matches irrespectively, has proved himself to be this year's star player He is always steady and plays a steady game always. J B. Joseph, though he plays a good game, slows down at times. With a little more technique and mastery in the game he could do much more. Among the defence players Abraham Koshy deserves mention. It was only later on we found his latent merits in the game.

I thank all the players for having given me their hearty co-operation and congratulate them on their magnificent team work. On behalf of the team, I thank Mr. C. A. Abraham for the special interest he showed for our progress in the game At this juncture I should thank Dr. M. A. Thangaraj, our President, who also was always a source of inspiration to us.

May there be a bright and prosperous future for coming Volley Ball teams.

P. J. PAUL,
Captain.

COMMEMORATION DAY SPORTS

There is something characteristically splendid about our Commemoration Day Sports Whether it is due to the colourful spectacle presented by the members of the staff scattered in the hot sun or to the elegant order in which the distinguished guests and the spectators are seated, it is not easy to determine. Its brilliance usually need not depend on the performance on the track. This year was very like other years. A couple of new records were set up, both by Chandra Pandian of St. Thomas' Hall, in Discus throw (distance 93′ 2″) (2nd M. K. Thavaraj) and in Shot-put (38′ 4) (2nd C Philip) Only in one other event was a record equalled, C. W B. Kanakathungam the General-Secretary-elect of Heber equalling the College record of 17 seconds for the 110 metres hurdles (2nd J. Rudra).

The other results are;

100 Metres Race ...	1. J. B Joseph—Heber. 2. A. S. Chandra Pandian—St. Thomas's.
200 " " ...	1. J. B. Joseph—Heber. 2. J. Rudra—Selaiyur.
400 " " ...	1. J. B. Joseph—Heber. 2. G. Thomas—Heber.
800 " " ...	1. G. Kuruvilla—St. Thomas's. 2. S. D. D. Thomas—Heber.
High Jump ...	1. V. Swaminathan—St. Thomas's. 2. P. Surya Kumar—Heber.
Long Jump ...	1. A Koshy—St. Thomas's. 2. J. Theophilus—Heber.
Hop, Step and Jump ...	1. F. C. Fewkes—Heber. 2. V. Swaminathan—St. Thomas's.
200 Metres Hurdles ...	1. J. Rudra—Selaiyur. 2. C. W B. Kanakathungam—Heber.
400 " " ...	1. G. Kuruvilla—St. Thomas's. 2. E. J. Mathew—Selaiyur.
Hammer Throw ...	1. P. G. Verghese—Heber. 2. M. K. Thavaraj— St Thomas's.
Javelin Throw ...	1. F. C. Fewkes—Heber. 2. M J. Fereiro—Selaiyur.
Pole Vault ...	1. H. M. Silas—Selaiyur. 2. F. C. Fewkes—Heber.
1,500 Metres Race ...	1. S. P. Selvaraj—Heber. 2. S. D D. Thomas—Heber.
Sack Race ...	1. J. T. Thomas—St. Thomas's.
4×100 Metres Relay ...	1. St. Thomas's Hall.
Old Boys' Race ...	1. J. E. Nelson Isaac. 2. C B. I. Jacob.
4×100 Metres Inter-School Relay ...	1. St. Mary's School. 2. Corley School.
4×400 Metres Relay ...	Heber Hall.
4×200 Metres Inter-College Relay	1. Engineering College. 2. Loyola College.

The championship shield changed hands this year, Heber winning it with 112 points while Selaiyur had only 82, and St. Thomas's 77. A welcome new event which everyone was happy to see was the Relay Race for Schools.

The Governor of Madras, who saw the sports for part of the afternoon, could not remain till the end, because he had to go to Meenambakam to receive Burma's Prime Minister Thakin Nu. He inspected, however, the Guard of Honour presented by the N.C.C. on arrival A very smart Guard they were. In his absence, Miss Mason, Principal of W C.C., distributed the prizes. Then followed tumultuous cheers, mostly or entirely emanating from Heberian throats

COLLEGE SERVICE

LIST OF PREACHERS—THIRD TERM 1949-50

January	8	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
"	15	...	Sri C. D. S. Devanesen.
"	22	...	Sri S. P. Adinarayan.
"	29	...	Rev. J. S. M. Hooper, retired General Secretary, Bible Society of India and Ceylon.
February	5	...	Sri V. Titus Verghese.
"	12	...	Sri M. S. Samuel.
"	19	...	Rev. W. B. Harris, Theological School, Guindy.
"	26	...	Dr. W. F. Kibble.
March	5	...	7-30 a.m. Holy Communion. Rev. Dr. A. J. Boyd; 6 p.m. Evening service. Rev. J. R. Macphail.
"	12	...	Rev. D. Thambuswamy, Principal, Kellett High School.
"	19	...	Sri Noble Rajamoni.
"	26	...	Rev. G. Paul David.

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